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Price 20 Cents

Race Selections

(BY "THE TURF")

FANLING HANDICAP (Unofficially: About 7 Furlongs 49 yards.)
Jockey: Mosey
Nigger
Outsider: Resalder.
CHALETTERS TOWERS HANDICAP "C" CLASS (1st Section). 1/2 Mile 170 yards.
Happy Valley
Fifth Alarm
Rose Eme
Outsider: Arabian Moon.
CANTERBURY PARK HANDICAP "B" CLASS (1st Section). 1 Mile 171 yards.
Kim
Lily
Jeep Hing
Outsider: White Dragon.
MURRAY RIVER STAKES "D" CLASS (1st Section). Six Furlongs.
Savante
Emperor's Gate
Kelly
Outsider: Jim.
HUSKANE SPRING HANDICAP "A" CLASS. Six Furlongs.
Tashful Beauty
Air Borne
Jeep Lee
Outsider: Daisy Bell.
CANTERBURY PARK HANDICAP "E" CLASS (2nd Section). 1 Mile 171 yards.
Shanghai Beauty
Shannon
Speedaway
Outsider: Red Fox.
CHALETTERS TOWERS HANDICAP "C" CLASS (2nd Section). 1/2 Mile 170 yards.
Canary
Crown Witness
Miami Beauty
Outsider: Kookaburra.
MURRAY RIVER STAKES "D" CLASS (2nd Section). Six Furlongs.
Hostile Witness
Eastern Diamond
Perry
Outsider: Golden Wheel.

NOTE:—TRAINING TIMES ON PAGE 12.

Gen. Gairdner Here

LT-Gen. C. H. Gairdner, the Prime Minister's personal representative at Gen. MacArthur's headquarters, arrived in Hongkong by plane from Saigon yesterday. He is en route to Tokyo.

SENATE APPROVES AID BILL

French Rush Troops To Madagascar

Paris, Apr. 4. French reinforcements from the island of Reunion were flown to Madagascar yesterday to put down the native uprising which broke out this week, the Agence France Press reported today.

Airborne colonial troops landed at Fianarantsoa, centre of the island, to reinforce the French garrison there, the AFP said. Madagascar forces are reported to be holding that section of the railway between Fianarantsoa and Manakara, on the east coast.

The AFP said French aerial reconnaissance showed French troops in control of the military situation at a majority of the trouble spots. Only an area near Fianarantsoa is still under rebel control.—United Press.

Chinese National Athletic Meet

Nanking, Apr. 4. With an estimated 10,000 men and women athletes participating, the seventh national athletic meeting, the first since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war—is scheduled to be held in Shanghai on October 10. The meeting was to be held in Nanking in 1937, but plans were upset by the Japanese invasion.—Central News.

To Make Hainan A Province

Shanghai, April 4. The Government operated Sin Wan Pao, quoting a dispatch from Canton, reported to-day that Hainan Island shortly will be made a separate province of China.

The dispatch said the Paoel Islands, possession of which China recently disputed with France, will be placed under the jurisdiction of the Hainan provincial government.

DEATH FOR TWO JEWISH TERRORISTS

Jerusalem, Apr. 4. The Jerusalem military court last night condemned to death Meir Feinstein and Daniel Azulai, two Jews found guilty of a terrorist attack on the Jerusalem railway station on October 30 last year when a British constable was killed.

When sentenced the accused, who had taken no part in the proceedings since the trial began eight days ago, sneered from the dock. "Judah will rise in blood and flames."

Two others, Moshe Horowitz and Messoud Boutou, were acquitted.

GRUNER DECISION
The Palestine Supreme Court will announce on Easter Monday its decision on the petition for an order nisi to show cause why the Jewish terrorist, Dov Gruner, should be executed.

The petition was brought by Israel Rokach, Mayor and Chairman of the Community Council of Tel Aviv, where Gruner lived before his arrest and conviction for taking part in the attack on a police station last year. It was addressed to Lieutenant-General Gordon MacMillan, General Officer Commanding Palestine, and a number of officers of the Palestine Government.

Mr. Rokach challenged the validity of Palestine's defence regulations, under which Gruner was sentenced, in an attempt to secure the quashing of the sentence.—Reuter.

RICHEST GIRL TAKES CURE
Princess Barbara Hutton Troubetzkoy arrived at this famous mineral spring to-day to take a cure. She and her husband refused visitors.

She looked pale, but there was no doubt information on whether she was ill.—United Press.

Important Amendment Allows United Nations To Assume Programme

Washington, Apr. 4. President Truman's Greco-Turkish aid bill was approved by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee with a surprise amendment authorising the United Nations' cancellation of the programme any time by a simple majority of its Security Council or the General Assembly.

The amendment, which the State Department endorsed in a conciliatory gesture to the United Nations and to Congressional critics who have clamoured that the world organisation was being bypassed, states that the United States will not veto any United Nations order to get out of Greece or Turkey.

JAP CANNED FISH SEIZED BY RUSSIANS

Washington, Apr. 4. Inquiries are being made by the United States fishing industry to find out whether the 150,000 cases of red salmon and 25,000 cases of crab meat which Russia has agreed to ship to Britain are actually owned by Russia or taken from the stocks of canned fish seized by the Russians from the Japanese.

If they are taken from the Japanese stocks, it is considered here that they should be subject to classification as either Japanese external assets or reparations for which the Allies are jointly responsible. It is pointed out that the Russians seized large quantities of canned fish from Japanese canners in Kamchatka after Russia entered the war against Japan.

The stocks of the Japanese canners should, it is stated, be regarded as Japanese external assets, and Russian title to them should be subject to agreement by the Far Eastern Commission. If the Russians were to follow the procedure which they would hand the Japanese canners receipts for the seizures and charge the amount raised through the sale to Britain to their reparations claims.

The Russian delegates on the Far Eastern Commission have repeatedly refused to discuss the question of Japanese external assets, claiming the various properties seized by their country are war booty.—Reuter.

300,000 Miners Out In Ruhr
Dusseldorf, Apr. 4. Nearly 300,000 Ruhr miners remained away from their pits today in observance of Good Friday, forcing idleness in every coal mine in the Ruhr.

British officials believe large-scale resumption of work would not be possible before Tuesday because of the Easter holidays.—United Press.

BRITISH TROOPS INJURED
Hamburg, Apr. 4. One person was killed and 12 were injured, including six British soldiers, during incidents which followed Tuesday's hunger demonstration in Brunswick, according to the Brunswick police.—Reuter.

Hongkong As Venue Of Japan Peace Talks?

Shanghai, Apr. 4. Strong opposition was voiced by China's leading Independent newspaper "Ta Kung Pao" today to the reported suggestion of prominent officials of the Allied Nations that the conference for drawing up the Japanese peace settlement be held in Tokyo.

The paper gave four reasons why the Japanese capital was unsuitable for such a conference. 1. The atmosphere in Tokyo is "not quite free"; 2. Diplomatic secrets are liable to leak out easily; 3. The reactions from the leading world powers would not be easily obtainable; 4. As an alternative the paper suggested Hongkong or Manila, but added "never Tokyo."—Reuter.

EDITORIAL

Income Tax Revisions

FIRST satisfaction about the official announcement on direct taxation released this week is that Government has been wise enough to take heed of public protests to the extent of recalling the original draft bill and offering it to a special committee for revision. After that has been said, it remains to be noted that Government is determined to impose income tax, irrespective of whether it can be equitably or effectively collected. This paper has stood firm in its opposition to direct taxation on the grounds that it can only be partially collected and, therefore, must be inequitable in application; that an equivalent amount of revenue can be realised through other channels. This view holds good whether the standard rate is 25 percent or 10 percent. The admission is willingly made that direct taxation is the most preferable method of producing revenue, providing its administrative system is fool-proof, and does not permit one section of the community to evade payment while another has to meet its obligations in full. Recognition of this probable situation may have prompted Government to accept the augmented Taxation Committee's recommendations for a reduction of the standard rate to 10 percent. This would permit the authorities to experiment with direct taxation without seriously affecting the incomes of a substantial proportion of wage earners. Only on this understanding could support be given to the new development. The statement published on Thursday reveals that Government is prepared to concede a lot of ground in deference to public opinion. It appears resigned to the prospect that direct taxation will have to wait another twelve months; that the standard rate must be low enough to place the vast majority of salaried citizens outside of the provisions of the Ordinance; and that anomalies must be eradicated. Even thousands of potential taxpayers will breathe a sigh of relief, having rapidly calculated that on a 10 percent standard rate, together with possible additional concessions, they will not come within the taxable levels. But justification for income tax in Hongkong, as elsewhere, does not lie in the number of exemptions which the provisions may allow, but whether it truly represents the community's capacity to pay for services meeting public expenditure. In Hongkong, this has yet to be demonstrated. Because of this, only qualified approval can be given to Government's revised approach and concessions relating to direct taxation.

Interim Share-Out Of Jap Industrial Plant

Washington, Apr. 4. The United States has notified the Far Eastern Commission that it had decided to proceed with an interim directive authorising General MacArthur to distribute Japanese industrial reparations to the extent of 30 percent.

Of this initial figure, China would receive 15 percent, the Philippines five, the Netherlands East Indies five and Burma and Malaya five.

Delegates from China, New Zealand, the Philippines and Canada supported the move while France, India and Russia objected on the grounds that reparations should be handled in the peace negotiations.

The Philippine delegate, Brig-Gen Carlos Romulo, repeated General MacArthur's warning that delay in starting any programme of actual removals was impeding the occupation programme.

On behalf of the Philippine government I want to emphasize the urgency of action on interim reparations. Gen Romulo said. He stated that for over a year the FEC had been discussing the situation without acting. He recalled his earlier five separate statements asking for action and recounted his visit to Japan, when he saw industrial plants "usable for reparations already deteriorating" and likely to be useless if action were further delayed for very long.

Gen Romulo concluded: "A significant fact is that in taking steps for an initial solution of the reparations question the United States will recognize the Philippines' right to advance the program. The Philippines hopes this is only the first solution on the question."—United Press.

TWO KILLED IN TRAIN SMASH
Chicago, Apr. 4. About 100 persons are believed to have been injured when the Burlington Railroad's crack "Zephyr" passenger train jumped the tracks at Downer Grove last night, four cars crashing into the railway station.

The police reported that the diesel engine was derailed by something which fell on the track from a goods train on an adjoining track. It was believed to be a large farm tractor. Two people were killed and 33 injured.—Reuter.

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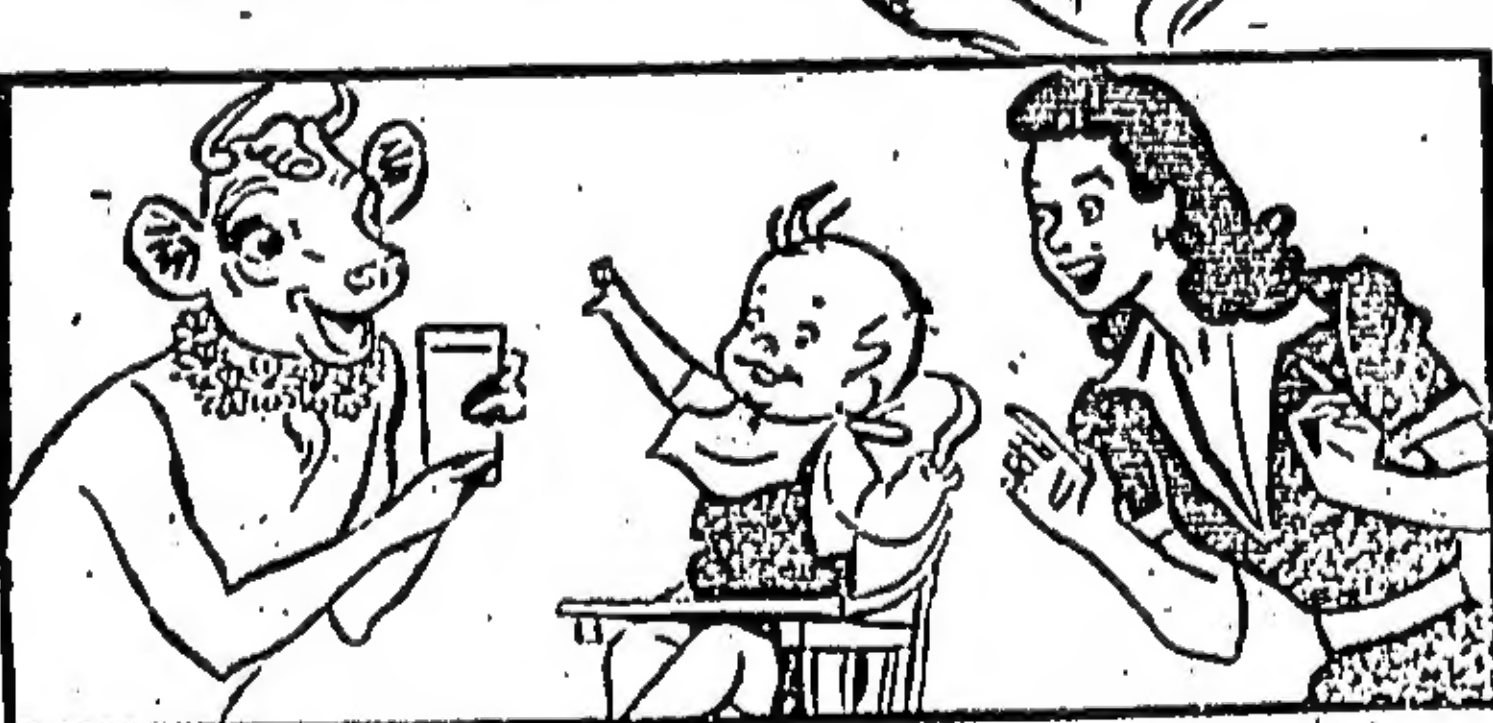
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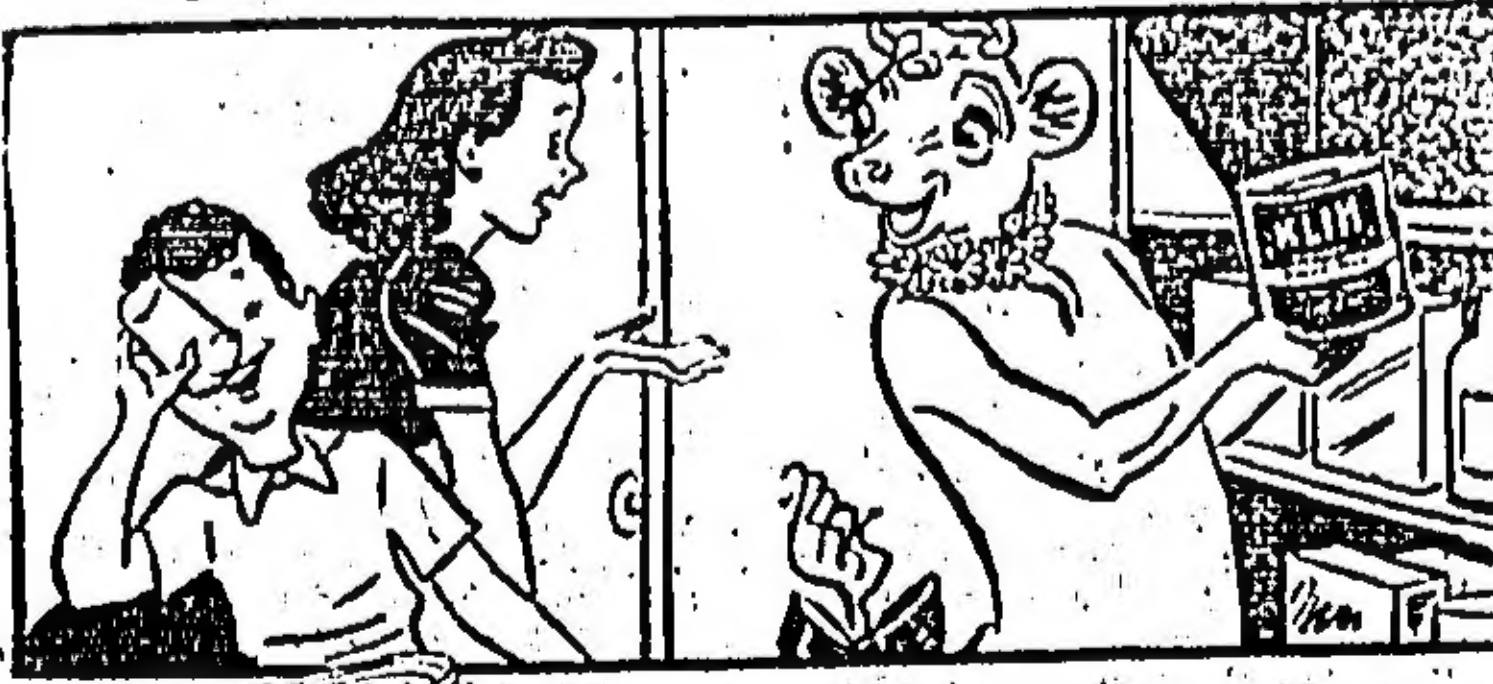
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"HENRY V" by William SHAKESPEARE
IN TECHNICOLOR

An outstanding film of 1946

'THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES'

By JOSEPHINE O'NEILL

AMERICA'S National Board of Review voted Samuel Goldwyn's "The Best Years of Our Lives" one of the ten Best Films of 1946. This is a swift honour for a film which had its first showing (in New York) only recently. And now the Hollywood columnists have declared the film certain of the 1946 Academy Award.

The Board of Review placed "The Best Years of Our Lives" in third place. Only Laurence Olivier's "Henry V" and the Italian documentary "Open City" beat it.

Although "The Best Years of Our Lives" has come suddenly into this glowing news, its history dates back to August, 1944.

Time Magazine, which takes a sharp of the credit for the film, has already told the story.

Producer Samuel Goldwyn picked up its issue of Aug. 7, read an account of soldiers turning home after overseas service.

Fired by the human interest behind this return, Goldwyn sent a three-page wire to novelist Mackinlay Kantor, requesting him to write a film story of how ex-servicemen cope with their old civilian life.

Mackinlay Kantor, also carried away, sent Goldwyn 434 pages of blank verse.

This unusual gesture paid off. Kantor's verse became a best-selling literary Guild book, "Glory For Me."

GOLDWYN bought the film rights of "Glory For Me" and engaged Pulitzer Prize-winning playwright Robert E. Sherwood to prepare the script.

He then chose for this production team director William Wyler and cameraman Gregg Toland, the men who had worked with him on distinguished films like "Wuthering Heights," "These Three," "Dead End" and "The Little Foxes."

His players ranged from five top Hollywood stars to a young man who had never acted before.

Those five top stars were Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Myrna Loy, Virginia Mayo, and Teresa Wright. The unknown young man was Harold Russell, a maimed veteran of World War II.

Russell lost both hands in a battle explosion. He learned to use substitute hooks so expertly that the War Department featured him in an amputees' training film, "The Diary of a Sergeant."

Goldwyn saw Russell in this film, hunted him down to his home town of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and induced him to come to Hollywood to play one of the three masculine roles in "The Best Years of Our Lives."

A NEW star of a different kind also shone in the film. She is Goldwyn's latest discovery, Cathy O'Donnell.

A talent scout brought Cathy into Goldwyn's office two years ago. Goldwyn looked at the small determined, 21-year-old girl with soft, brown hair, plump, high-cheeked face, and lustrous brown eyes. He liked the language of her face, which Cathy answered with exquisite, gentle poise. Cathy left Goldwyn's office with a screen contract in her shaking hand.

Cathy began a grooming course, staggering in its length and expense. After the studio had completed her, Goldwyn shipped the girl off to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

Said he: "Hollywood is no place for a young woman to learn the trade of acting. The glamour of the place is too distracting."

On her return to Hollywood, Goldwyn handed her the script of "The Best Years of Our Lives." She was to play the sweetheart of Harold Russell.

THE story of the film centres around three returned men and their families.

Fredric March plays a middle-aged man who loathes the idea of returning to his stuffy job in a bank. He is fortunate in his understanding wife (Myrna Loy), although his daughter and son (Teresa Wright and Michael Hall) find him difficult.

Dana Andrews has the more disillusioned role of a war pilot, who comes back to find that his war bride (Virginia Mayo) has taken a job in a night-club as tinselly as herself.

Harold Russell plays a young sailor, whose sweetheart (Cathy O'Donnell) is inexpressibly shocked by the sight of his hooks.

Throughout the film, Russell proves that a maimed veteran can take his place as a skilled industrial worker.

"The Best Years of our Lives" takes nearly three hours (it is Goldwyn's longest movie) to tell the experiences of these three and their families—experiences that blend romance and humour with warm drama.

The Orson Welleses To Visit Europe

HOLLYWOOD.—Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles, whose latest picture, "The Lady From Shanghai," was filmed largely in Mexico, have applied for passports to visit Europe late in March. While Welles fulfils a commitment with Sir Alexander Korda to film "Salome" in England, Miss Hayworth will travel in Spain, Italy, France, Austria and Germany. They plan to be abroad three months.—Associated Press.

More Shape To Modern Girls, Says Expert

The 21-inch feminine waist, once the ersatz product of whale-bone stays and laces, is now a commonplace in Hollywood.

The much-publicised beauties of the "gay nineties" worked hard and suffered to attain the measurements which many girls of our "fascinating forties" possess without artifice.

So declares Lewis Hippe, Warner Bros. star-conditioner, who has lived long enough to know them both.

The waists of Anna Held and of Lillian Russell were the toasts of two of three continents, according to Hippe. It was reliably reported that a man could reach around them with his two hands. But the ladies spread a good deal just above and below the squeezed-in waist, and were notoriously uncomfortable while being measured.

Not so with Jane Wyman, for one, who appears in "Night and Day," the Cole Porter life story which begins not long after the mauve decade. She has a 21-inch waist, by Hippie's measurement (not done with hands) and her wholebone, steel stays or lacing is necessary to produce it.

Into Hippie's care—he is charged with the pleasant duty of keeping the Warner Bros. feminine players in just the shape they're in—come other such slender actresses as Ida Lupino and Jane Harker, neither of whom measures more than 21 inches around the waist.

"The new generation is just better shaped," says Hippie.

Cinema Guide

SHOWING TO-DAY

KING'S—Ziegfeld Follies of 1946.

QUEEN'S—Make Mine Music.

ALHAMBRA—South of Tahiti.

CENTRAL—South of Tahiti.

NEXT CHANGE

KING'S—Going My Way.

ALHAMBRA—Night in Paradise.

CENTRAL—Night in Paradise.

WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO WIN AN OSCAR

By ALINE MOSBY

HOLLYWOOD.—That golden Oscar that Olivia de Havilland snagged carried with it something dearer than gold—an apartment in Hollywood.

Olivia's landlord is a gent named Mitch Leisen who also happens to be the director who boosted her to an Academy Award in "To Each His Own."

So when she was nominated for one of those glorified book-ends, Leisen told her he'd let her rent free in her apartment for a year if she won. She did, but Olivia hasn't decided yet about that offer. "We wouldn't think of living here without paying anything," she said, but there was doubt in those golden tones. "Anyway, we'll demand super service, like Leisen polishing my door-knob. Can you imagine?"

Again And Again

We bet he will. The minute an actress lugs home an Oscar every director and producer in town is on her front porch with scripts. Cash in while the gridle's hot, they figure. They also figure if she won the Oscar in one role she can do it again as the same character.

"I've read stacks of scripts with roles just like the one I had in 'To Each His Own' or 'Dark Mirror,' which also was considered for an award. That's silly," she said.

In all the proffered manuscripts Miss De Havilland either ages, has an illegitimate child or goes insane and shoots some character. She can afford to be choosy now.

"I want something that has strength and calls for a real acting job," she told us. In three months, 20th-Century Fox will start shooting "Salome," in which Miss De Havilland will play the star role in the expose of an insane asylum.

Two-Timb Loser

When she returns to work she'll feel like a nude mannequin in a store window, she said. Everybody will sit back and say, well, lady, let's see what makes you so good.

But she couldn't have been more scared, she added, than on Oscar day. She'd been a two-time loser. For "Gone with the Wind" in 1939 and "Hold Back the Dawn" in 1941. The first time was quite a bitter pill, she said, but the second time it was worse because she lost the Oscar to her sister, Joan Fontaine.

As you may have read, the two are feuding.

"This time I got philosophical. You know, to heck with it," she grinned.

The afternoon of O'night the girl who fixed Olivia's hair for "To Each His Own" came around to fix it again. While the pin-curls were drying she told Olivia's fortune in cards.

Two Sevens

"Two sevens came up. She told me I'd win for sure," said movie-town's first lady.

That hairdresser also curled Anne Baxter's tresses. Yes, she won the supporting actress award. There's an angle there someplace.

"I was lost on the programme, which made it worse. It was misery. And going up on that enormous stage—I my mouth went dry and my hands trembled," Miss De Havilland said.

"It was misery for the other 124 people who were nominated for this and that, too. They had to sweep out the finger nails from the aisles during intermission.—United Press.

Here Again!



Esther Williams, a hot Hongkong favourite since "Bathing Beauty," appears in "Ziegfeld Follies of 1946," Easter musical at the King's Theatre. She leads a water ballet sequence.

Aesop's Night In Paradise

Merle Oberon, and Turhan Bey are the co-stars of Universal's Technicolor production, "Night in Paradise" coming to the Central and Alhambra Theatres.

Based on the novel, "Peacock's Feather" by George S. Hollman, the story deals with King Croesus of ancient Greece, his love affair with a Persian princess and her elopement with Aesop, the man who originated fables.

Miss Oberon appears as the Princess. Bey has the role of Aesop and Thomas Gomez is seen as Croesus, richest monarch in all the world.

Other notables in the large cast include Gale Sondergaard, Ray Collins, Ernest Truex, George Dolenz and Jerome Cowan.

NEW CARTOON FILMUSICAL

Walt Disney's "Make Mine Music," latest full-length comedy musical Technicolor feature, offers a series of fantasies, in sequences like "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met," "Johnny Fedora and Alice Blue Bonnet," and "After You've Gone," which, in order, are sung off-scene by Nelson Eddy, the Andrews Sisters and Benny Goodman.

Story-telling with music, and song, include "All the Cats Join In," "The Martins and the Coys," "Casey at the Bat," and "Peter and the Wolf." Lyrical episodes include "Two Silhouettes with Dinah Shore's singing, and "Without You with Andy Russell in the star vocal part.

The film is on at the Queen's.

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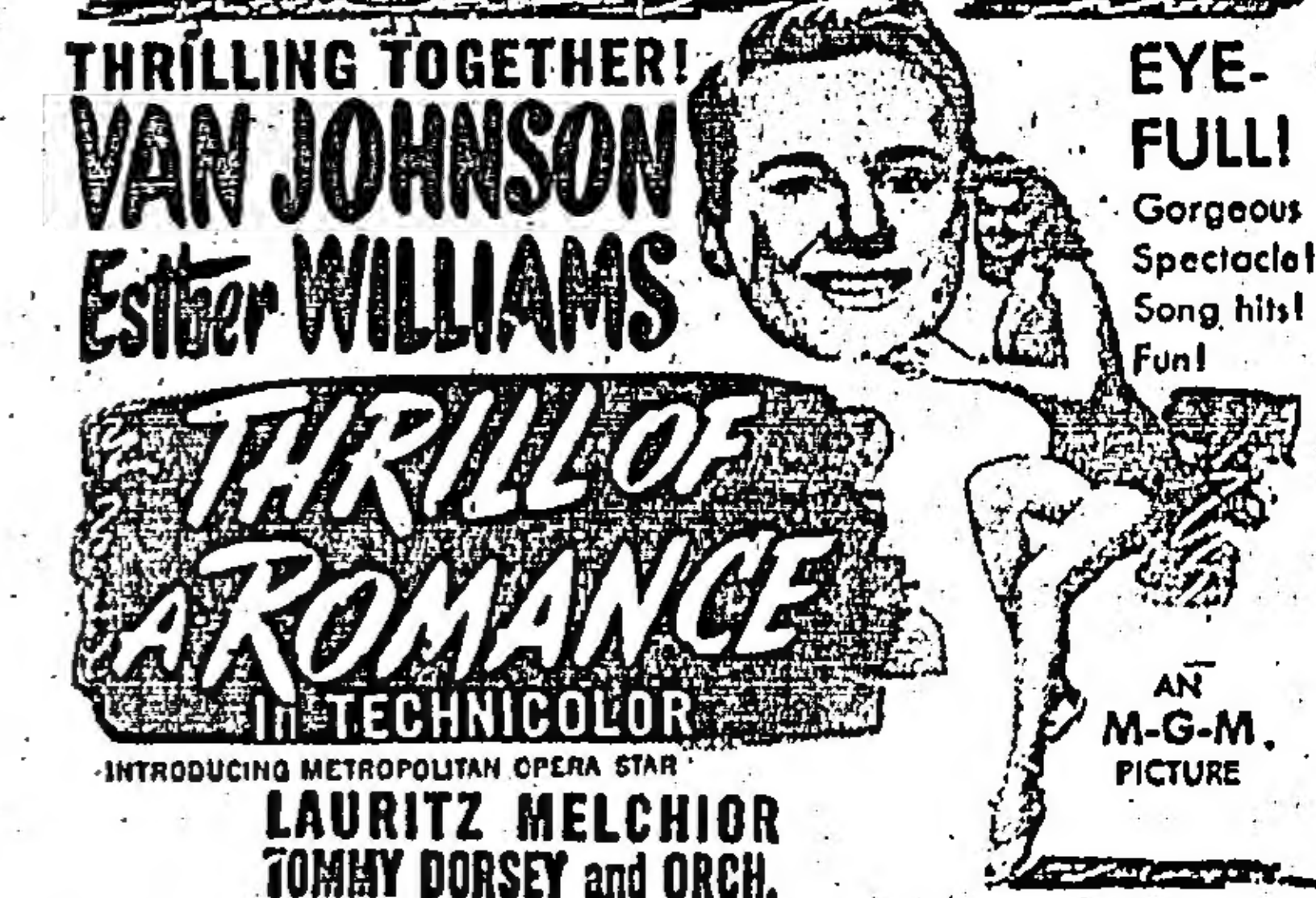


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NEW PACIFIC STATE IN THE MAKING

By "OBSERVER"

There is a new state in the making in the Pacific—the state of "East Indonesia." It used to be called the "Great East," and it consists of various islands, the most important being Celebes, the Moluccas, Bali, Lombok, Timor and Dutch New Guinea.

In December last year a conference was held at Den Pasar, capital of the beautiful island of Bali, to initiate the political organisation for this territory.

This conference may be regarded as a sequel to former consultations in particular those held a few months previously at Malino, where it was suggested that a Federation—the United States of Indonesia—should be formed of a few large states, including Borneo, the Indonesian Republic and the "Great East."

AS the principle of a Federation is also embodied in the Charter of the United Nations, recently accepted by the Dutch Parliament by 65 votes to 20, there was a solid basis on which the political construction of the States of Borneo and East Indonesia could be founded.

As for Borneo, the technical preparations are not yet in a stage which allows the making of detailed plans, but Den Pasar has proved that this was possible for East Indonesia, although several problems, such as the relations of the state with the Netherlands, with the future Federation and with the other partners in this Federation, will certainly call for more discussions and agreements.

OF the problems discussed at Den Pasar, where delegates of all the East Indonesian territories were present, three major ones may be mentioned.

Lost Heavily From Fires

Major-General Philip B. Fleming, general chairman of the U.S. National Conference on Fire Protection, has reported that American property losses from fires totalling \$501,487,000 in 1946 were "the most destructive year in our recent history."

The losses were 23 percent greater than in 1945. Fleming said Americans "need widespread education in methods of fire prevention and control, more adequate laws and their rigid enforcement, and better engineering to make buildings fire resistant."

The December 1946 loss of \$501,487,000 was the heaviest for any single month in the last 16 years, he said.—Associated Press.

Plastics For Planes

The U. S. Army Air Force is experimenting with glass plastic parts for the wings and fuselage of high-speed jet-propelled planes. An air force officer explained that the antenna of planes traveling at supersonic speeds may be torn off, and therefore the plans of the future may have to carry all its radio and radar antennae within the plane itself.

However, since the metallic "skin" of the plane interferes with the reception of radio and radar waves, the Army Air Force is experimenting with the use of glass fibre fuselage or wing parts to cover the area where the antennae are enclosed.

The spokesman added that they may later carry on experiments in the construction of an all-glass plane.—United Press.

Skeleton Crossword

CLUES ACROSS

1. An athlete who walks.
2. No. 1 in a chess game.
3. A word used when surrounding a house.
4. A salute with tears.
5. Look about for a rest.
6. He has the skill of getting to the bottom of the matter.
7. In Russia is a dish between the seats.
8. Product of 20.
9. Discussion leader.
10. Put on side in the street.
11. Converse chat.
12. This sort of person should be sat on.
13. I treat in confusion.
14. No keen on a bit of power.
15. Not used in night attacks (two words).

CLUES DOWN

1. No. 1 in a quadrangle.
2. A word used when surrounding a house.
3. A salute with tears.
4. Capital part of the brigade.
5. Impel.
6. "I mean earnest" (anagram).
7. Later might be an animal.
8. A pleasure to be in the sun.
9. Mounted nothing at the horse show.
10. Stop short.
11. Begins a speech, somewhat venomously.
12. Warm on top and sounds like the very idea below but you can stay there if you like.
13. This sort of person is rather a trial.
14. Useful when you just can't stand things.
15. Nothing did in North Africa.
16. A word used when surrounding a house.

THE SKELETON CROSSWORD

In the Skeleton Crossword you have to fill in black squares and place clue numbers as well as letters. The four black squares and three clue numbers in the puzzle give you a start. The design being symmetrical, every black square in the top left corner must have a corresponding black square in the top right, bottom left and bottom right corners. So black squares in all the squares corresponding to the four already shaded and you will have 16 black squares. Study the clue numbers. The next Across number after 1 is 8; there can only be one word in the top line, a word of 13 letters. But there are no two-letter words in the puzzle so there must be another black square immediately above the one already shaded in front of the figure 8. 8 Across must be on the same line as 8 Down and that also uses the position of 20, 26 and 27 Across. In this way you can build up the pattern as you solve the clues.

Tobacco Imports

The Secretary for Overseas Trade this week told the House of Commons that it was impossible to forecast how much tobacco Britain was likely to obtain during the next year from Southern Rhodesia, Greece, Turkey and India. The quantities depended in large part "upon local conditions, which are outside our control," he added.

THE PARKERS

by HODGES



THE FORTITUDE OF IRIS PORTER

by SIDNEY RODIN

IT was snowing and sleeting on the night of December 5, 1940, sq young Mr and Mrs Porter and their four-year-old daughter, Wendy, did not go down their shelter at 9, Spear-point-gardens, Ilford, Essex.

They put blue-eyed Wendy into her cot in the back room, and sat before the fire in the front room.

It was a charming little room, prettily furnished in the year of their wedding, 1934, for Mr Porter had been doing quite well as an accountancy clerk, and Iris, his wife, was extremely houseproud with a nice artistic sense.

Then the air raid warning went. A bomb fell on the house.

Wendy was killed where she slept. Her father died sitting in his armchair. Her mother was buried beside him in the debris for five hours.

BRAVE LADY

'Glad I was spared'

When she was taken to hospital about one o'clock in the morning, they found her ribs crushed, a collarbone broken, a knee dislocated, and her spine fractured.

Mr Bazley, her father, who keeps a shoe shop in Ilford, waited for news in the hospital during the small hours before dawn.

A clergyman said to him: "So you are the parent of that brave little lady. Your shoulders are the broad shoulders of a man. You must tell her of her husband and child."

When Mr Bazley saw Iris her face told him she already knew. Then faintly smiled, and said: "I am glad I have been spared for you, Mum and Dad."

Iris Porter was moved to the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital, Stanmore, where she had a tube put into her body and they discovered she would be paralysed for life from the waist down.

She underwent eight operations and lived for the most part in great pain, in a plaster bed shaped to her back.

Yet Iris Porter smiled and was cheerful, and her courage heartened the surgeons.

TRIED TO WALK

But Iris failed

All her broken bones except her spine mended in three years' time, and towards the end of 1943, with the aid of a leather spinal jacket, iron on her legs and crutches under her arms, she once tried to walk.



She was a sweet, pretty girl?

Her brave attempt failed, but she felt well enough to go to live with her aunt in a bungalow her father bought her in Barkingside, close to her native Ilford.

There she lay flat in her plaster bed, except for short periods each day when she raised herself to do dusting and tidying, and her arms became muscular again.

She was a skillful needlewoman, and made many clothes for the children of friends.

The war went on noisily around her, but it never touched her again.

NINTH TIME

Hospital her home

She still had to attend hospital as an out-patient, enchanting the nurses with her smile, but in the autumn of 1945 she went permanently into King George Hospital, Ilford, suffering great pain in her kidneys, the result of the years of prostration.

She was operated on—for the ninth time—and a kidney was removed.

King George Hospital was to become her home. And she made it such and called it by that word.

Iris Porter brought with her not just a shattered body. She brought an unconquerable spirit. She brought with her gay courage.

Nurses, patients and doctors who met her were refreshed by the contact.

For some months nurses would devote their time off on Sunday, to wheeling her out in a special carriage, visiting Ilford Park, the homes of patients she had known in hospital, then to her father's house, where she would lie on a couch chatting with the family.

HER TRUST

In hospital sister

Mrs Porter, on her side, trusted the sister with unquestioning faith. If sister went away for the weekend, she said: "I know I'm going to feel worse."

Bouts of pain would rack Iris Porter. She was given drugs and injections. For three weeks she would be free from suffering, and happy, and could be wheeled out to attend the nurses' concert. But the pain came again.

When the sister asked her if she was in pain she would always say no. Only after the injection did she admit great relief. Yet the sister and nurses knew when the pain came on.

Her face became serious. She would put down her needlework or stop writing.

In her eyes there was fixed a staring-out-of-the-window expression. Never was she known to cry out.

SHE WEPT

But twice only

Sister Clark can remember her crying to herself only twice. Once when her three-year-old niece spent an afternoon with her in a private ward—"I do like seeing children so Wendy."

And once when the pain grew worse, and the doctors contemplated operating again. She wept then—"I discovered her in tears. She didn't think she was fit enough."

SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



"They say she's a wonderful lawyer, but I couldn't stand having a woman know all about my personal affairs!"

DON JUAN LIKES SPEEDING

A well-dressed young man may sometimes be seen playing golf at Estoril, near Lisbon.

He looks contented enough, but never forgets that he is an exile. Every now and then he casts longing glances towards the Spanish border.

For the golf player of Estoril is 33-year-old Don Juan, son of the late King Alfonso XIII of Spain and Pretender to the Spanish throne.

Don Juan and his wife, the Princess Mercedes, daughter of the Infante Carlos of Bourbon, and their four children—Pilar, Juan, Margarita and Alfonso—have been living near the golf course at Estoril since February 1946. Before that, they spent their exile in Rome and Lausanne.

Apart from golf, Don Juan, who is bronzed and much better looking than his late father, has many other interests. He likes to read books on politics and economics. He also spends much time playing with his children. Sometimes he goes out duck shooting.

Wife Worries

One of his passions is driving a motor car, and he loves speeding so much that his anxious wife has fixed photographs of their children next to the speedometer of his car.

But his most important activity is receiving visitors—for by this activity he hopes to become Spain's next king.

This is probably the reason why, a year ago, he moved from Lausanne to Estoril. The Swiss law forbids political activities by foreign residents, and Don Juan was several times politely reprimanded by the Swiss Government for breaking that law.

When he went to Estoril, he continued to keep abreast of Spanish and other political developments by receiving numerous visitors from neighboring Spain. The purpose of these visits is the same—to help him to leave hospitable Portugal and return to the palace of the Kings of Spain.

There has been much talk of a restoration of the Spanish monarchy recently.

Restoration Plan

An important visitor to Don Juan has been Senor Larraz, former Spanish Finance Minister under General Franco, who has been acting as intermediary between Don Juan and Franco. Senor Larraz has drawn up a plan, whereby the monarchy of Spain should be restored, with nine-year-old Don Juan Carlos, son of Don Juan, as King.

According to these reports, the State would be controlled by a Regency Council consisting of Queen Victoria, widow of the late King Alfonso, General Franco, Senor Larraz and others. Should anything happen to Don Juan Carlos, his father would appear as the first claimant to the throne of Spain, which has already re-established its monarchical constitution.

Don Juan's reaction to these proposals is as yet unknown. For the time being, the man who may one day be King of Spain continues to play golf at Estoril.—United Press.

PHILIPPINE DIVORCE MOVEMENT

The Sultan of Sulu this week demanded that the Philippines recognise the Mohammedan divorce law among his 200,000 followers.

Speaking not as a spiritual sovereign but as a member of the Lower House of the Philippine Congress, Sultan Omar Amangkurat said the present law, based on the Catholic tradition, recognised only adultery or concubinage as grounds for complete separation of spouses.

The Sultan said tradition, and razor-sharp knives of the Moro men took care of adulterers. In short order, while it was not necessary for his people to have concubines when they could marry more than one woman. As Mohammedans, Amangkurat said, the Moros were able to divorce wives for insanity, incompatibility, maltreatment and infidelity—the latter including desertion and failing to treat a husband as lord and master.

Catholic Opposition

But divorces ran foul of the rigid Philippine divorce law, he said.

The Sultan lawyers, school teachers and town officials interfere with my spiritual duties," the Sultan complained.

Efforts to amend the law is running against strong opposition from Philippine Catholics.

The Japanese amended the law during the occupation, to make divorce easier, but unless Congress acts all who took advantage of the act will be guilty of illegal acts.—Associated Press.

A WEEK AGO

'It will be all right'

One Sunday, when she must have known she was dying, she was able to murmur to Sister Clark: "Won't it be nice when I get well again?"

That night her parents stayed with her right through until morning. Once she said to them: "Don't worry. Everything will be all right."

They stayed with her again through Monday night, and just before she lost consciousness her father saw her lift her arms above her head and heard her whispered prayer: "Oh, Lord, take me."

Thus Iris Porter surrendered her valiant spirit. That morning she died peacefully in her plaster bed—almost six years after the bomb had fallen.

She was 39—"Sometimes she looked younger," says Sister Clark. The nurses say, "She will be a legend in this hospital."

The surgeon says: "She was a sweet, pretty girl. She was one of the most courageous and cheerful women I have known."

Her father says: "For a woman to lose all—her husband, child, her home—and then to be left so badly injured, that was the tragic thing."

"Yet she tried to overcome her injuries and make her life worth while, and make other people happy. Iris always had a sunny nature. I think now the courage of a woman exceeds that of a man."

SATURDAY FEATURE

Womansense

THE LITTLE THINGS OUR WOMEN HAVE FORGOTTEN

by CAROLINE FOX

..... drawings by KENDRICK

IN a Paris that scintillates with a brittle post-war gaiety, women are enlivening their dark, soft dresses with those accessories—witty if not wise—that always mean so much more than money to a chic Frenchwoman.

Feathers nod on their heads with all the charming inconsequence of circus ponies' plumes.

Paradise birds, in breath-taking colours, sweep from diminutive pill-boxes of black velvet to frame their faces.

Ostrich tips, black or pastel coloured, swirl around their curls.

Ospreys point bravely skywards; tiny birds nestle in feather pom-poms; beige and speckled cow feathers curve from head to shoulder.

And all these enchanting extravaganzas are clamped right on the back of the head, and worn with plain, dark clothes... a draped frock of crepe or jersey; a "dressmaker suit" of fine black wool; a loose, straight-swinging coat of black Persian lamb, which now tops mink for elegance.

For pretty ankles

SHOES climb up the back of the heel, to strap around the ankle—very pretty if the ankle is slim enough.

Most Frenchwomen wear black suede in town, and there are few coloured shoes.

Minute Beauty
by GABRIELLE

A quick Minute-A-Day application of hand lotion will insure soft, smooth hands. Hold the hands up while massaging on your lotion. Take one minute before "lights out" at night to massage your cuticle with vaseline. Take the same care of your feet. Massage the back of the heels to protect your sheer bosomy.

High heels, always flattering, have outmoded wedge styles, but there are some platform soles. Black ankle boots, with platform soles and turn-back, ankle-bugging cuffs of fur, are chic and comforting.

And many women are wearing amusing overshoes of gaily coloured raffia with turn-over cuffs—smart, cousins to our sober rubber overshoes.

Gloves are highly decorative, mostly in black, but lavish with brown, embroidered, flowers or frills. Tiny pastel flowers are embroidered on the back of black suede gloves. Short, plain gloves have a frilled tuffet collar, sequins are scattered, star-like, on the back of evening gloves.

Jewellery ideas

COSTUME jewellery in Paris is gold, rather than diamonds or (where purse takes place of pocket-book) gilt rather than paste. Broad gold chain bracelets jingle at the wrist; gold clips high-light lapels; gold ear-rings curve upwards from the lobe of the ear.

And fobs are worn in scores of amusing gilded designs—dancing figures, absurd animals, a lamp, a vase, a violin, a pearl-studded drum—what you will.

Bewitching for evening are "fascinators" of black or white lace or net, with frilled or plumed edges, spattered with velvet cut-out flowers and sequins.

They dress up a simple frock, they disguise a wavering hair-set, and what are they, after all, but a triangle of net plus one evening's hand-work?

Fun for daytime are little jackets of corduroy velvet, belted, pocketed, and with detachable hoods buttoned on at the back.

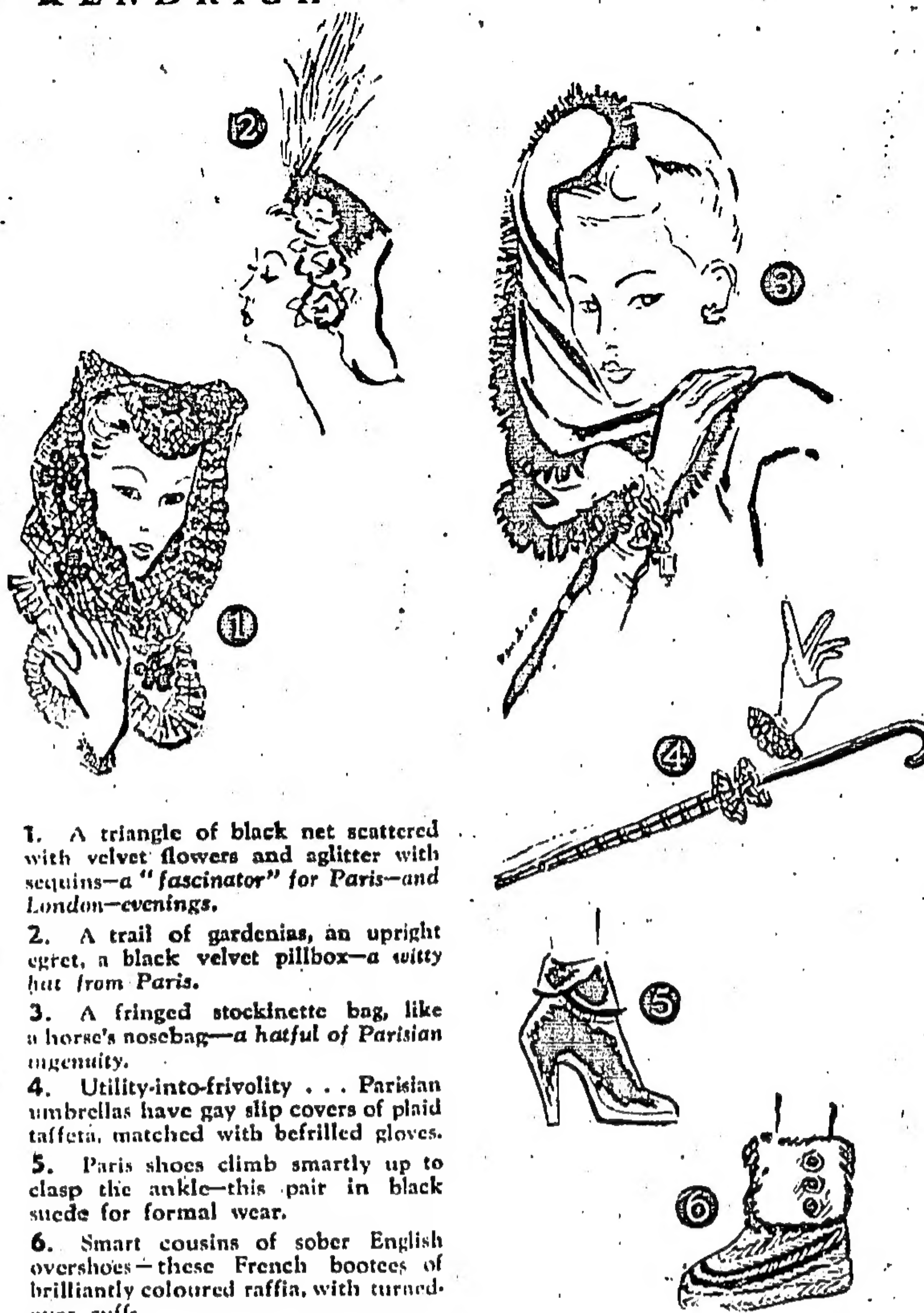
Mostly in pastels, lined with black, they top black skirts.

Carried for both day and evening are—umbrellas! Utility is transformed to frivolity, and they have frilled slip-on covers of tulle in brilliant plaids, checks, stripes, flower patterns, often worn with gloves that have a matching frill around the wrist.

Her fuel troubles

AND the chic Frenchwoman keeps this characteristic gaiety in spite of the fact that... her table lamps may suddenly switch out in the middle of dinner... her electric fire may go off before the room is warm, her toaster before the toast is browned, her hair-drier while her hair is still wet, and the radiogram in the middle of a record... while a lift that sweeps her upwards in her favourite shop today may be suddenly grounded all day tomorrow.

For fuel shortage is so acute in Paris that the city is rationed in zones—one section will be fuelless on certain hours one day, another section the next day.



1. A triangle of black net scattered with velvet flowers and aglitter with sequins—a "fascinator" for Paris—and London—evenings.

2. A trail of gardenias, an upright egret, a black velvet pillbox—a witty hat from Paris.

3. A fringed stockinette bag, like a horse's nosebag—a hatful of Parisian ingenuity.

4. Utility-into-frivolity... Parisian umbrellas have gay slip covers of plaid taffeta, matched with befrilled gloves.

5. Paris shoes climb smartly up to clasp the ankle—this pair in black suede for formal wear.

6. Smart cousins of sober English overshoes—these French booties of brilliantly coloured raffia, with turned-over cuffs.

What sort of men make THE BEST HUSBANDS?

By JOHN BRENNAN

GIRLS, if you marry a mechanic or a musician you've not half as much chance of living happily ever after as if you chose a minister or an athletic coach.

If you want a second-to-none chance of happiness, forget that travelling salesman's baby blue eyes and look around for a chemical engineer.

Dr Ernest W. Burgess and Richard O. Lund, of the University of Chicago, have investigated the "happiness rating" of 17,533 couples. The husbands were engaged in 60 different occupations.

Lang compiled a list showing that wives were happiest with chemical-engineer husbands, unhappiest with labourer husbands.

In Pennsylvania, Dr Clifford Adams, Professor of Psychology, brought out a simplified list, based on the Burgess-Lang observations, of what he calls the great "seven major vocational trouble-makers" against whom all girls should be warned.

These, in order of danger, are: The man who travels a lot—travelling salesman (50th in Lang's list), truck-drivers (52nd), pilots, entertainers (musicians are rated 53rd), and the like.

If a girl must marry one of these people she is advised to travel with her man as much as possible. The man who is not proud of his job—the person who earns his living away

from the locality in which he lives and thus is not under "community survey." That hits at travelling salesmen again, fruit-pickers, shoemakers, politicians, and "no" warders.

There is nothing like the ever-watchful eyes of the neighbours to keep a man to the line.

The man who works irregular hours—policemen, newspapermen (18th on Lang's list, and fairly high), railwaymen (46th), and doctors (16th).

The man whose income is irregular—doctors again, lawyers (25th), plumbers (55th), and so far down presumably because they forget to come home, architects (21st), and freelance writers, who can hardly be said to have an income at all and who aren't on Lang's list probably because not one could save the cost of a marriage licence.

The man whose work is dirty—mechanics (38th), coalminers and farmers (47th). Dr Adams suggests that a girl should remember that dirt is an honourable mark of some occupations, but that is not always easy when the nose you would love to kiss is spotted with grease.

The man who feels insecure in his job—and that might include any one of the 60, whether he is a carpenter way down in 57th place, or a college professor, like Dr Adams, proud of his rating at third.

The man who is not proud of his job—Adams mentions

grave-diggers, dog-catchers, and bill collectors, though none of these are in Lang's list at all.

MONEY does not necessarily bring a high happiness rating. Bankers are 17th, corporation officials 20th, owners of large businesses 24th.

Education does help apparently—with ministers second, college professors third, high-school teachers sixth, and education administrators 11th—but not always. Doctors are 16th, dentists 31st, just half-way down the scale.

There is a further mordant warning against the pullers of teeth in the fact that they rank among the first three in the occupational groups most prone to suicide.

BUT no girl should look beyond an engineer. They are listed first (chemical engineers) seventh (engineers, plain), ninth (electrical engineers), 14 (civil engineers). They have education and income, and an "objective, practical, stable type of personality" in contrast to the "temperamental, artistic type"—of which musicians are the worst example—which is to be avoided like the plague.

But if you haven't been married before, girls, and you are considering marriage now, it doesn't matter if he's an athletic coach (14th on the list) or a motor mechanic (56th), don't imagine you are going to be really happy—that's practically an impossibility.

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It's not waste of mind

If you wear nail varnish that matches your lipstick, does this mean that you can't think seriously about politics?

That question raises an old argument which I thought was dead—killed by the thousands of women who, every day, prove its stupidity.

But it seems I am wrong. It seems that there are still people who believe that a woman cannot have both a good brain and an attractive appearance.

It is a new-arrival reader who has revived the old controversy. She doesn't approve of women being told—if they use nail varnish—to make sure that it tones with their lipstick.

She considers all this a waste of time, and a definite disservice in that it doesn't help to make women politically intelligent.

Such an outmoded attitude is worth comment only because behind it lies something that is the enemy of all progress and which must al-

ways be fought—narrow-mindedness.

Let this particular reader and any others who condemn anything that, in their opinion, comes under the heading of "useless frills" ponder on these points:

1. Because a woman wears make-up and clothes that suit her it does not follow that she gives all her time and thought to her appearance.

2. A drab appearance can be the hall-mark of the stupid woman, as much as the outward sign of the intellectual.

3. Lack of make-up is no longer the symbol of virtue. Quite often it shows a shortage of imagination and a poor sense of values.

4. It is surely the duty of all of us to please by our looks as much as to stimulate by our work and our brains. After all, trees lining a street add to its charm without making it any the less useful.

—JANET GREY.

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The Super Memory Machine

By STANLEY HEWITT

Within the next two or three years Britain is to have a "memory machine," possessing both a greater storage capacity and higher working speed than anything hitherto achieved by such a device. This is the Automatic Computing Engine, planned by the Mathematics Division of the National Physical Laboratory of Britain's Department of Scientific and Industrial Research.

As long ago as 1936 Dr A. M. Turing, a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, England, wrote a paper in which he discussed the proper use of such machines in connection with certain problems of mathematical logic. At that time the nearest approach to what Dr Turing visualised was the Automatic Sequencing Controlled Calculator which consisted of 72 mechanisms, a mechanism for multiplication and division, three tape feeds carrying tables of mathematical functions and a punched card input and output.

The "Brain"

These mechanisms were interconnected through a sort of automatic telephone exchange which acted as the "brain" of the machine. Now a telephone relay is a device for switching a current on or off—a function that can be performed at much higher speeds by radio valves. The use of radio valves is the basic improvement on the older types of these machines which has made possible the Automatic Computing Engine (A.C.E.).

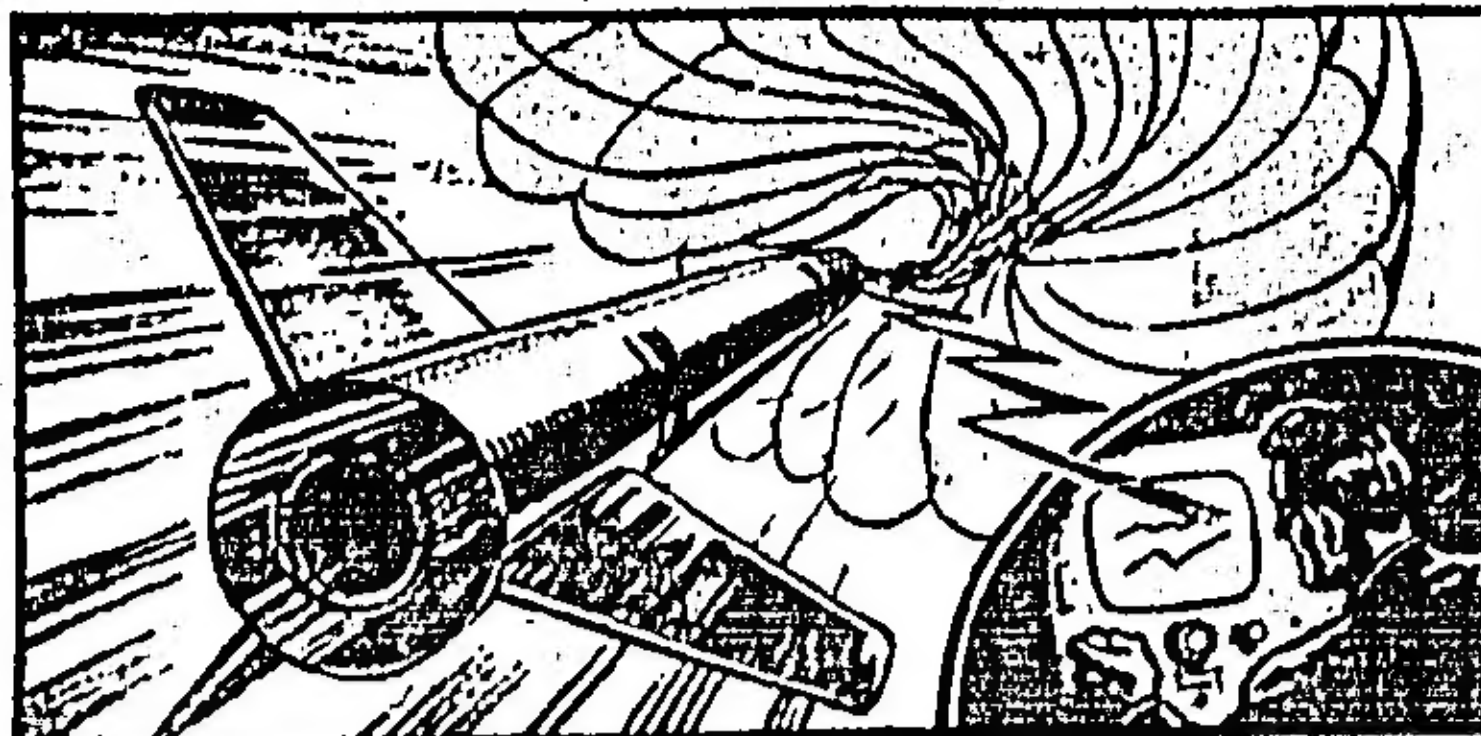
To do its work the A.C.E. has to be provided with the equivalent of three things required by the normal human mathematician. Firstly there is the paper on which the computer writes down his results as he goes on; secondly, there are instructions, which normally the mathematician carries in his head; thirdly, there are the function tables to which the mathematician makes reference when working out his problem.

These problems all involve storage of information or mechanical memory, and the mechanical device designed for this can be called upon by the logical control to give up its stored information at the required moment. The internal memory capacity of the A.C.E. will be 75,000 decimal digits.

One of the ways in which the greater memory capacity of the A.C.E. shows its usefulness is in the setting up of problems. The internal working of the machine will be entirely in the binary system, in which a number is represented by a series of 1's and 0's, being pulses and the 0's the spaces between them. The answers will be given in the decimal system. A thousand million in the binary system has 30 digits compared with the ten digits in the decimal system.

High Speed Work

The machine will work at very high speeds. For instance, it is intended that the multiplication of two ten figure numbers shall be carried out in two thousandths of a second. The whole question of what is a difficult and what is an easy problem will be altered. Mathematical problems, which owing to their extreme complexity and the enormous length of time required to solve them, are so difficult as to be almost impossible of solution by the pencil and paper method, are well within the scope of the A.C.E. For instance simultaneous equations with more than 12 unknowns are beyond the patience and time of most mathematicians, but the machine will be able to tackle equations with 50 or even 100 unknowns. So great is the speed with which it will work, that this one machine by itself will be able to cope with all the exceedingly abstruse problems for which it is designed. It is also probable that during its construction, or shortly afterwards, in technique will be made and subsequent machines will be designed to do even more than the A.C.E.



ROYAL NAVY scientists are building high-altitude rockets—multistage V2s—to help their meteorologists in long-range weather forecasting.

They know that the mass movements of the millions of tons of air that result in anticyclones and depressions occur chiefly in the upper atmosphere. They know that super-hurricanes with speeds up to 200 m.p.h. are common there. But what causes these movements is completely unknown.

Fired vertically, each rocket will reach a height of 40 miles and then descend slowly by parachute. As it floats earthwards an instrument, called a radio-sonde, in the rocket will transmit to earth signals of temperature, pressure and humidity every few seconds.

These records will help the scientists to decipher the secrets of the upper air and make weather forecasting several days ahead more accurate.

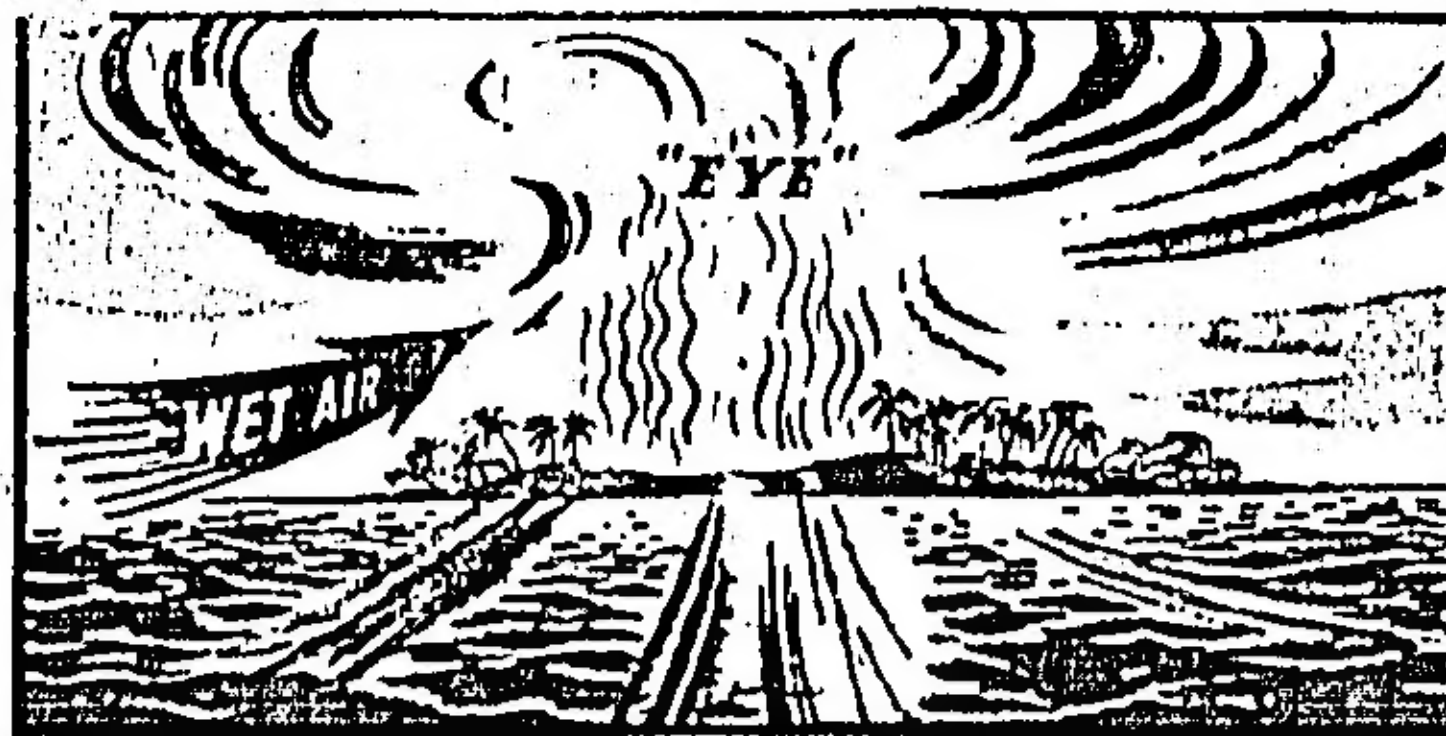
If the rockets are a success, they will be used by the Air Ministry. The data they provide will go into the pool of facts from which the daily weather forecast is derived.



BRITISH meteorologists are at present using balloons fitted with radio-sondes to give them information about the air up to heights of eight miles. A recent refinement to these balloons is a covering of nylon net impregnated with silver. This reflects radar echoes. So balloons, instead of being followed visually to a limit of a few thousand feet, may now be tracked by radar for 60 miles. In this way precise knowledge of the winds—their speed and height—can be obtained, as well as pressure, temperature and dampness recordings.



ANOTHER use of radar being perfected by the Navy and Air Ministry is long-range detection of storms. Raindrops reflect radar echoes. An ordinary set will pick up a heavy fall 100 miles away. Special sets can do it at a range of 200 miles. The rainstorm appears on the radar viewing screen as a bright patch. Its position, size and course can be foretold. Scientists visualise a chain of ten radar stations covering Britain and giving accurate forecasts of the arrival of rainstorms at any spot in the country.



THESE developments and the outcome of other research will improve long-range weather forecasting. But they can never perfect it. For the simplest occurrences—like a melting iceberg or a burning ship—can start a chain of events upsetting an entire weather system in a few hours. Typhoons and hurricanes are believed to be started by a mass of wet air passing accidentally over a small island. Because land—especially if it is coral rock—heats up much more than the surrounding sea, there is a strong upward current of warm air above a tropical island during the day. When a mass of moving air encounters an island there is a sudden uprush in its centre as it gets caught in the rising current. This triggers off a vortex like a huge inverted whirlpool which builds up to gigantic proportions. In the centre—the "eye"—of the storm—there is calm. But round it, stretching as far as 100 miles, is a devastating wind. As such small incidents can release such enormous forces in the air, meteorology can never be an exact science. It will never be possible to guarantee a weather forecast.

THE WEATHER ROCKETS ARE NEARLY READY

— by — Chapman Pincher

IT'S FUN FINDING OUT

BERNARD WICKSTEED

What use is the moon?

THERE'S a full moon tomorrow, and if the weather is good enough I'd like you to see what colour you think it is, because I've just been reading an astronomy book which says the moon is brown.

It doesn't look brown to me. It looks yellow or else a silvery white, and everybody I've asked says the same.

The book which says the moon is brown was written by Sir Harold Spencer Jones, the Astronomer Royal, and, though I didn't doubt his word, I went off to Greenwich Observatory to ask him how he knew.

"It's perfectly simple," he said. "We know the light of the moon is reflected sunlight, and when we examine it with instruments we find it has certain characteristics. So we look for something that will reflect sunlight in exactly the same way.

"The only thing that does this is volcanic dust. And that is brown."

"Well," I said, "why doesn't the moon look brown?"

"That," he replied, "is because moonlight is not very strong. All colours look different in weak light, and when it's very weak the eye can't perceive colour at all.

"If the whole sky were covered by thousands of full moons, so that there wasn't an inch of darkness anywhere, we'd still get only one-fifth as much light as we do from the sun."

30,000 craters

ANOTHER thing the Astronomer Royal said in his book was that no one quite knew how the moon got its craters, so I asked him about that, too.

There are 30,000 craters on the side of the moon that we can see, and probably just as many on the other side. (The theory is that they were made by a bombardment of meteorites.

Astronomers and scientists who didn't agree with this used to say: "Why isn't the earth covered with similar craters? If the moon got such a blitzing, why didn't we? And anyway the theory can't be right because 60,000 meteorites wouldn't all fall at right angles to the moon, as they appear to have done.

"Some of them at least would have come in at an angle."

All this was before the war. But now, the puny efforts of man have demonstrated, in a practical way, that this second objection can be false.

Air photographs of bombed areas show that most of the craters look much the same, whether the bomb came in at an angle or from directly above.

The blitz has also thrown light on another mystery of the moon. For ages astronomers were puzzled by long white streaks which stretched out for hundreds of miles from some of the craters.

They guessed they were made of dust or sand of some kind but couldn't think what caused them to radiate out so evenly, over mountains, valleys and plains.

Now they know that similar streaks are thrown out from a bomb crater. You can see them most clearly in chalky soil.

Had you ever thought of bombing as an aid to the study of the moon?

No atmosphere

BUT even the blitz doesn't explain why the earth hasn't 60,000 craters, too.

"The answer to that," said the Astronomer Royal, "is that probably at one time it had.

"But the earth has an atmosphere, which means rain and wind and ice. Between them they have worn the craters down just as they've worn down range after range of mountains that have risen and disappeared again in the lifetime of the world.

"The moon, on the other hand, has no atmosphere. There's no rain, no clouds, not even a breath of wind, and the whole place is inches deep in dust as a consequence.

"You can study it for years, and the only changes you'll see will be the lengthening and shortening of the shadows.

"If you could take one of our telescopes to the moon and look at the earth you'd get a very different picture. You'd see high and low tides and the Thames in flood, armies on the march and football crowds in a picture of a little girl kissing a kitten, signed Goya, has been claimed as the work of a Mrs Musgrave.

Undemocratic thinking.

A GALLUP poll to find out whether people would prefer to be evicted from their homes to make way for (a) a satellite town, (b) an airport, (c) a War Office training area, (d) a National Television Park, or (e) a greyhound community, produced the unanimous reply: "We would rather be permitted to stay in our homes."

"That," said a Government spokesman, "is obviously impossible. We are not living in the Middle Ages."

But on the moon nothing moves and nothing but the temperature changes. The days last a fortnight, and at noon—which is a week after sunrise—the place is so hot that your blood would boil just to be there.

At sunset the temperature drops 270 deg. F. in an hour and goes on dropping till at midnight, a week later, it's far colder than anywhere on earth.

Star test

I ASKED the Astronomer Royal how he knew there was no atmosphere on the moon, and he said there were lots of ways of telling. One of the easiest was to watch the moon pass in front of a star.

If there were an atmosphere the light of the star would be diffused and disappear gradually. Instead of that the star vanishes suddenly. One moment it's there and a hundredth of a second later it has gone without trace.

Venus, which does have an atmosphere, blots out a star more slowly.

"Apart from causing the tides and giving people romantic ideas, is the moon any use to us?" I asked.

Perhaps I should have put it more tactfully, for the Astronomer Royal seemed pained; as though I had insulted one of his friends.

"Use to us?" he said. "It's one of the most useful bodies in the sky. Why, one of the main reasons for building this Observatory was to increase our knowledge of the moon.

"In the old days the moon provided sailors with the only way of telling their longitude, and so little was known about its movements in the reign of Charles II., when the Observatory was put up, that it was possible for navigators to be 800 miles out in their calculations.

Big sum

PREDICTING the exact path of the moon is one of the most difficult problems in astronomy. To tell where it will be at any particular moment involves a calculation with 1,500 separate terms in it.

"An English mathematician named Brown, who died recently, spent 30 years of his life working out a set of tables to make the sum easier."

After he had finished it was found that tables could never give an accurate prediction anyway, because the earth has a habit of suddenly and unaccountably slowing down and then speeding up again.

In 1785, for instance, the earth began to rotate at a slower speed than usual and the days became three thousandths of a second longer. This went on for 14 years until the extra fractions of a second had amounted to nearly a minute. Then, with equal abruptness, we got back into our stride and returned to the 24-hour day.

The way astronomers keep check on these changes is by watching the moon. They use Mr Brown's tables to predict where it ought to be, and if it's not there then they know the earth is up to its tricks again.

You must think a few thousandths of a second one way or the other don't matter much, but the Astronomer Royal says they do. For the earth is our master clock and it's most embarrassing to find that it doesn't keep perfect time.

New wavelengths

AMONG the things affected is, for some reason, the allocation of frequencies for radio transmission. In September 1945 a check-up on the moon showed the length of the day had changed again and, as a result, several organisations, including the G.P.O., had to alter their wavelengths.

There's nothing much that we can do to stop this erratic behaviour of the earth. It might be possible to shorten the day by levelling all the mountains in the world, but we'd only have to put them up again when the day needed lengthening. So on the whole it's easier to change our clocks and wavelengths when necessary by frequent checks on the old brown moon.

THINKING ALOUD

by PAUL HOLT

A RIP VAN WINKLE of a girl came to London the other day. She didn't know what peace was.

In the last months of the war, when the fighting was running down, she fell ill and was confined to a T.B. sanatorium at Midhurst in Sussex, where she has been since, with other assorted sufferers from ships and gun-sites, prison camps and motor companies.

Now here she was, a febrile gaiety in her eyes, overcharged with a pent excitement in the middle of the black-out and the blizzard, on 24 hours' leave.

From the flood of her words I picked the following comments: The black-out is much better than the one I remember.

And, of course, there's ten times as much traffic. And ten times as much to see in the shops. My eyes ache.

Fancy getting a meal in your hotel room again. And a chambermaid who fills your hot-water bottle without being asked.

And civil servants. The women are getting gayer in their clothes, more colourful.

And they walk so quickly now (perhaps to keep warm). Well, now, what a pretty picture! But just one moment. The Rip Van Winkle girl had one more thing to say. We have lost our virtue of fellowship, she says. We have be-

come individuals again instead of part of a team, and our eyes are hard with discontent and calculation. And we feel sorry for ourselves in a way we never did before.

I thought that she went back to the camaraderie of her sanatorium not wholly discontented at the prospect.

PASTORAL CENSURE

BISHOP BARNES of Birmingham says we are growing stupider every day and therefore he is in favour of sterilisation.

All those vacant faces as seen from the pulpit have been getting, I fear, on the bishop's nerves.

ALL THE BEST

NOW dear Mr Goldwyn sets the mind buzzing with his query: What are the best years of our lives?

Most people, when asked, say childhood. Oh, those carefree, dreaming days of summer applied grasses tickling bare legs and the noises of the earth like thunder against the secret ear.

They happily forget the aching doubts of childhood, the passionate mourning over self. They forget how many times a child says to himself: "When I'm dead they'll be sorry."

They forget the sickening smell of corruption that so often assails the fresh nostrils of infancy and the horror of a child when for the first time he sees fear in the eyes of a grown-up. Or greed, or hears his mother tell a lie.

They say childhood because the present confuses them and the future frightens them. They want to crawl back into their mother's arms and live in warmth and security, where the whole world smells of milk.

Men would like to say soldiering, if they dared. There are the genuine few who were so sickened by the aquiver, the petty immorality, the brutish cunning and stupid discipline of an army that the present air of freedom is intoxicatingly sweet to them. But the majority secretly liked their shackles. There was nothing they could do about life—or death—so they relaxed.

They worked it out that they were living on borrowed time, anyway. As for the danger of fighting, it did not take them long to discover that the cutting arm of an army is under 10 percent of its full complement, so the risk was about as good as twisting the last card on 15 to get five and under at pontoon.

And oh, how good to get away from women! There are a few, a very few, who believe with Browning, that jolly grammarian—"Grow old along with me the best is yet to be.... There are those who think of honeymoons and holidays, of cricket, innings and ten-pound salmon on the rod. And those who dream of scoring off the boss.

For me, the best years of my life number 41 on March 22, and they will continue (barring accidents) so long as people continue to be friendly towards me and tell me things I didn't know before. And this will be largely up to me.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS...

TWO schoolboys, R. W. W. and D. W. Kay, aged 13 and 11, of Epsom, have written to the papers protesting against the cut in the sweets ration. They say that as they have no vote and belong to no trade union this is unfair. Jilly Bunter would say "Yarrooo!"

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BY THE WAY by Beachcomber

TOMORROW, in the presence of the members of the Strabismus Expedition and a vast crowd of officials, Miss Topsy Turvy, star of "Swing It, Sailor!" will break a champagne bottle containing timed apricot juice over the stern of the stratospheric rocket, and christen it Utopia.

The rocket is ready to start, and the Doctor is waiting for the latest reports of interstellar and interplanetary weather. Asked whether the experiment, if successful, would benefit the housewife, the Doctor said: "We have reason to believe that the vegetation on the moon could be adapted for human food. If this is so, as soon as transport between earth and moon has been nationalised, we should be able to

bring strange herbs to the British breakfast-table."

A special committee of the United Nations is already examining methods of holding democratic elections on the moon. If there are any inhabitants, and the Big Four are considering whether the moon shall be made a Free City, or be governed by an International Council, or be constituted a mandated territory.

More about Art

THE reported discovery, through cleaning, of what may be a Romney, in a northern hotel, coming on top of the National Gallery controversy, is sure to set the hotels and inns all over England cleaning frantically. Already one expert summoned to examine a suspected Constable in a Suffolk public-house, had to give his honest opinion that it was a rather faded

advertisement for tea. And the police are keeping a watch on gangs who scrawl the signatures of old masters on whatever they can find. A coaching scene on the Lewes to Brighton road, signed Jan Van Eyck, has been confiscated, and a picture of a little girl kissing a kitten, signed Goya, has been claimed as the work of a Mrs Musgrave.

Undemocratic thinking

A GALLUP poll to find out whether people would prefer to be evicted from their homes to make way for (a) a satellite town, (b) an airport, (c) a War Office training area, (d) a National Television Park, or (e) a greyhound community, produced the unanimous reply: "We would rather be permitted to stay in our homes."

Are You Sure?

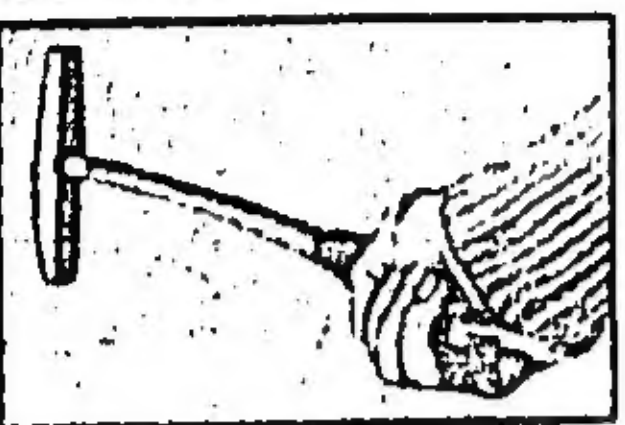
Answers on Page 10

1. Which is the longest of these—
(a) liner Queen Elizabeth;
(b) Westminster Bridge, or
(c) full-size football pitch?

2. The festival of Santa Claus falls on—
Dec. 6; Dec. 25; Jan. 1; Jan. 6?

3. If a person is guilty of vulgarity he has—
wounded someone, set fire to a house, prayed on his fellows, killed a fox?

4. Is this man playing a game (if so, what game) or handling a gardening tool (what tool)?



5. Who was known as "The Foster-Father of Nobody's Children"—
Sir James Barrie, Pled Piper of Hamelin, Dr Barnardo, Charles Kingsley?

6. How many claws should your cat have—
10, 16, 18, 20, 24?

7. Which was discovered first—
North or South Pole?

8. The Camberwell Beauty is or was—
Edwardian actress, a butterfly, onion, Derby winner, chrysanthemum?

9. A bricklayer carries his bricks in a—
Trove, tee, upp, hod, trowel, maulstick?

10. In the travel world what is the meaning of—
K.L.M., P.L.M., R.M.S.P., D.O.A.C?

CATS DIE OF HEARTBREAK

Seventeen pet cats, who were relegated to an animal home last week in London because they were judged a nuisance to the neighbours, fretted so much over their fate that they died of heartbreak.

Miss E. Cook, superintendent of the home, said: "There cats had been turned partly into human beings. They would have nothing to do with anybody but Mr Waples." Mr E. V. Waples was the cat's owner who was fined £5 and told to part with the cats. He said the cats died of "heartbreak".

Anyway, when Mr Waples appeared at the kennels, the cats became docile and affectionate, eating everything put before them. But when home attendants tried to feed them or pet them, they backed away and sulked.—United Press.

Shanghai is now a city of despair

SHANGHAI.—People used to say that going on to Shanghai was one of the pleasantest things about visiting the East, because "it reminded one so much of Home."

The English were particularly enthusiastic about Shanghai because there people very sensibly drove on the left, and double-decker buses joggled merrily about the streets.

There was an extraordinary tranquillity and circumspection about Municipal affairs, and just that blend of indefinable satisfying pomp and isolation about living in the city's suburbs that made leaving a sloping hillside in Devon not such a bad thing after all.

Dying Metropolis

Steamers that leave Suez today on their way to the Far East continue to bring people who have a notion that returning to Shanghai would be a pleasant experience, fraught perhaps with all the trimmings of its pre-war lace and lavender, its embroidery, its pre-dinner glimmet and its annual solemn Armistice observance at the Cenotaph. But...

The bewildered returnee will soon have his anticipatory composure destroyed by the labyrinthine rituals of the Customs.

His sense of precise mathematics will be outraged by the demands of porters, who will harass him with a dizzy flight of fees that he would be too astonished to question and later infinitely regret to pay.

The ride to his hotel would be a somewhat baffling experience; traffic driving along the right, pavements monopolised by people with things to sell—not places to go to—pedestrians nonchalantly defying accidental possibilities, masses of humanity struggling in wave after wave of sardine emulsion, and a Cenotaph shorn of its monument, its roll of honour withdrawn, its easements uprooted, and its quiet November significance thrown to the four winds.

It is an inevitable reflection today that the theory of Shanghai being one of the great cities of the world, a little smaller than London and a little more debonaire, gay and wicked than Paris, is a thing of the past.

It has become just a big post-war mud-flat, with profusing riots of country people on it trying quite desperately to get along.

Every day it gets to be more of a village and less like a metropolis. Women no longer talk of fashions and the latest Strand Magazine recipes—they now exchange bitter stories about how expensive the formerly cheap Chinese servant has become, and what outrageous demands someone's No. 1 Boy made the other day.

The men no longer talk about home-leaving in Canada, the Lido or the American Adirondacks; they soberly contemplate currency inflation, the rate of foreign exchange, reduction of household expenses, import restrictions.

Street Names Changed

The avenues have had their names changed, and the lyrical innuendoes of Avenue Joffre, Route Cardinal Mercier and Bubbling Well Road are no more.

Large sections of green spots along the Bund have been pulled apart. Where once waterfront landscapes used to delight the eye, now stand piers and make-shift wharfs; buildings along the sky-line have become dilapidated without the benefit of even cursory repairs.

The friendly nonchalance of the city's once-famous cosmopolitanism has been substituted by a tendency to be anti-foreign. The feeling is not generally discernible, but it emerges every now and then.

Getting down to material considerations, there is no rationing of anything in Shanghai. Everything is legitimately available—for a price.

Pears Soap, Ponds Cream and Yardley's products should be cheap, but have not been rendered so because the Chinese Government has

decided that they are luxuries. They have been banned, but are still coming in via the route of the smuggler, and are openly exhibited in the shops for sale.

Shop attendants have a hard time altering price-tags every day, but sale is reported to be brisk.

Transportation is at a premium. The condition of public vehicles, like buses and trams, would ruffle the composure of a tin of Finnish mackerel.

Opulent Crooks

Rickshaws and pedicabs have become expensive. China's manpower, keeping in line with many other traditional disruptions, is no longer cheap, regardless of how one looks at it, although the poor Chinese coolie will not get too much with his wad of \$1,000 bills.

The worker's cost of living in terms of money was seven times as

much for this January as for the last.

Everything locally-produced seems higher in price than imported goods, just the bewildering opposite of what things used to be.

Distilled water out of the "meandering Whangpoo River costs more than Royal Dutch-Shell petrol.

In the mud-huts of the labour classes there is just as much consternation and uncertainty of the future as occurs in the finer apartments of the city, now symbolically peopled by a class of Shanghai-layers, rich from the apollonias of the black market, ornately bejewelled, driven in luxury cars, and given to smoking innumerable American cigarettes.

Everyone is comparing the past with the present and no one is really happy over the obvious shadow which the weeping ruins of the Cenotaph has somehow cast so methodically and unconsciously over the Bund.—Reuter.

AUSTERITY TO STAY

By HAROLD GUARD

United Press Correspondent, formerly Manager, United Press Hongkong Bureau.

LONDON.—Analysis of Britain's economic prospects for 1947 prompts the conclusion that there is little or no possibility of any appreciable relaxation in the degree of austerity which prevailed throughout 1946.

The beginning of this year saw Britain with substantial financial resources composed of existing gold and dollar reserves, together with the unused part of the United States and Canadian credits.

These resources meet Britain's overseas financial needs until exports have been brought up to the level of imports, and until all the main currencies in the world are multilaterally convertible.

The effect of this will be that if Britain has an adverse balance with any country, this balance must be paid in gold or in US dollars.

If, on the other hand, Britain has a favourable trade balance with any other country, gold or US dollars will be obtained only if the country's currency is convertible.

underground workers—were followed by an increased meat output.

Lenders in industry, however say it is still not easy to be optimistic regarding prospects for an increase in production which would enable Britain to go through 1947 without any check on industrial reconversion.

There is no indication that the overseas demand for British goods would show any marked reduction in 1947 and any check to the export trade are more likely to be the result of inability to deliver supplies on account of shortage of raw materials occasioned by the lack of the necessary currencies to buy them.

Thus, while Britain's over-all import and export figures may well balance this year, it will still be necessary to draw on reserves until such times as more currencies become convertible.

On the industrial side, the question of supply of home-made consumer goods is bound up with that of availability of labour.

The over-all picture is one of acute shortage of manpower which, according to the Government's Digest of Statistics, is likely to persist during 1947.

Nationalisation of the coal mines and concessions made to miners—such as increased meat rations to

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Has First Perm At 91



MISS ALICE LECOCQ, daughter of a Hampshire farmer, has always longed for curly hair. And recently, at the age of 91, she had her first permanent wave.

The Crimean medals were being distributed when Alice LeCocq was born. Everybody said what a fine head of hair the baby had and what a pity it was that no amount of coaxing would make it curl.

Her mother, in despair, cut it short like a boy's.

When she went to school in Belgium Alice's mop grew so thick that it had to be put into four pigstails.

When Miss Alice put up her hair she found it hard to confine in the fashionable Victorian coiffure; and it was harder still to achieve the high-piled Edwardian style.

GAVE A PARTY

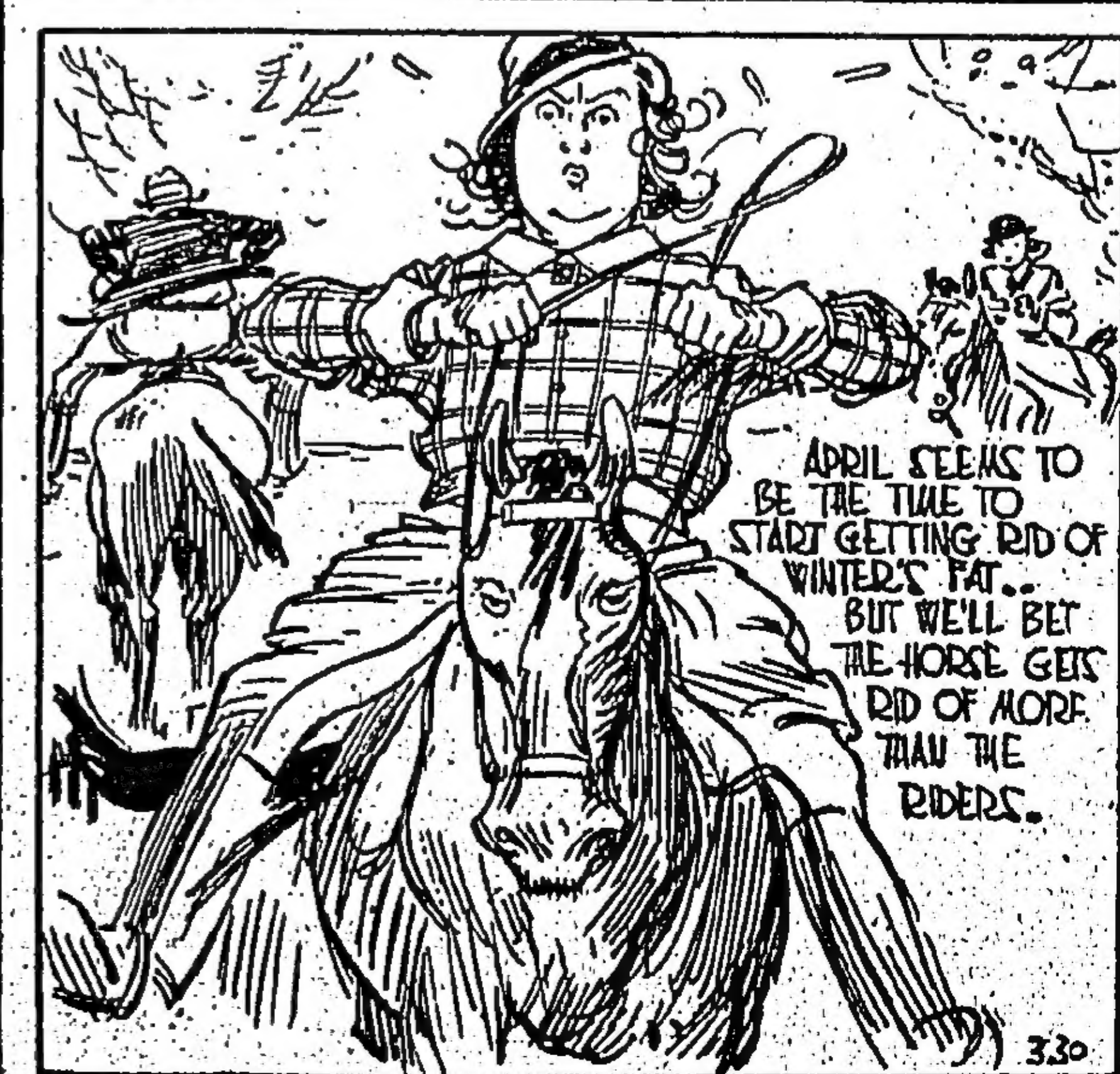
In the last war she had her hair cut short again....

"But it was a nuisance putting in curling pins at night and when Mr Dennis, my hairdresser, suggested permanent waving I thought 'Well, here's something I haven't tried yet.'"

After three and a half hours under "the machine," Miss LeCocq showed no sign of fatigue. "I brought a bowl, but I was so interested that I never even opened it," she said.

Miss Alice gave a tea party at the Kensington hotel which is her home—in honour of her curls.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



"April Foolishness"

By KEMP STARRETT

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SIAM WILL FULFIL RICE CONTRACT

The recent visit of Sir Harold Sanderson, Director of Rice in the British Ministry of Food, to Siam, will be of great benefit to that country, stated Mom Luang Chitchua Kamphu, the Siamese representative to the monthly food conferences arranged by Lord Killarney's office in Singapore.

Mom Luang Chitchua was confident that Siam would be able to fulfil her deliveries, to which she was committed, during the first three months of this year, writes the Straits Times correspondent in Bangkok.

He, however, declined to reveal any figures as he feared profiteering dealers might take advantage of this to exploit the situation for their own selfish ends.

He was also optimistic that the Siamese Government would be able to deliver the full amount of the April allocation.

Mom Luang Chitchua complained that Sir Harold Sanderson's impression of Siam's rice situation had been misunderstood and misinterpreted in Singapore.

Commons' Criticism

Actually, he said, Sir Harold Sanderson regarded his recent visit as a sort of conference to solve certain difficulties.

Sir Harold Sanderson, according to earlier reports, had been sent to Siam by the British Food Minister as the result of a sharp criticism of the system of procurement of rice from Siam voiced in the House of Commons.

Siamese official circles, however, draw attention to the numerous incentives offered by the government to farmers and rice-dealers in its efforts to encourage rice production and deliveries to which it is committed.

Clothing, food and farming equipment are the three most pressing needs of Siamese farmers at present.

Because these three needs were difficult to obtain, the country's rice production suffered seriously during the war years.

Alive to the needs of the starving people at the end of the war, the Government lost no time in inducing farmers to go back to their farms in order to increase rice production. The Government also offered numerous inducements, foremost among them being the supply of cloth to farmers.

Several million yards of "inducement" cloth were purchased and distributed to the farmers.

Shipments of farming tools have also been arriving regularly and the Siam delegate to the World Food and Agricultural Conference in Washington early last year, was promised the assistance of the United States in the supply of farming equipment.

Long Term Measures

The contemplated 500,000,000 acre seven-year Chaiyathirong project, which when completed will make possible the cultivation of the country's secondary crop during the dry season, and the new 50,000,000 acre four-point rural economy plan, which is expected to benefit farmers by eliminating their year-to-year economic dependence on middlemen, are among the long-term measures envisaged by the Government to increase rice production.

In spite of all these inducements corruption has in no small measure hampered the efforts of the Government to encourage rice deliveries.

Anti-smuggling and anti-hoarding laws passed by the Government have had little effect.

CREATING A NEW RACE OF GIANTS

Cattle and sheep could be doubled in size by injections of a gland extract recently prepared at the University of California. Given to children, the preparation would turn them into giants nine feet high or more.

Dr Herbert Evans is the American biologist who has discovered how to extract the potent growth-promoter from the pituitary glands of oxen.

Injecting it into experimental animals, he has made rats grow to the size of hares. And that is only a beginning!

"Boom food"—the giant-creating "food of the gods," which H. G. Wells imagined in one of his early novels, is now actually resting on the bench of an American scientist.

But it will not be left lying about within reach of careless hands.

There is no chance at present of wasps growing to the size of birds by feeding on the new preparation, as Wells once supposed.

Many cattle are required to take a small pinch of the precious powder. The "food of the gods" is still very expensive.

Crushed together and chemically treated, pituitary glands from cattle yield the same growth-promoting substance which exists in the pituitary gland of a living human being.

Output Of Nitrogen

Situated deep within the skull, at the base of the brain, the pea-shaped pituitary gland is a veritable storehouse of active chemical principles.

When the pituitary gland of a young rat is removed under anaesthesia, the animal becomes a dwarf. Without its pituitary, the rat ages but does not grow.

If the same rat is then fed with the Evans extract while it is still young enough, it proceeds to grow again!

Evans' pituitary extract promotes growth by lessening an animal's output of body-building nitrogen. Instead of being excreted at a normal rate, more nitrogen than usual is retained in the body for protein formation. The net result is a larger animal.

ARE YOU SURE?

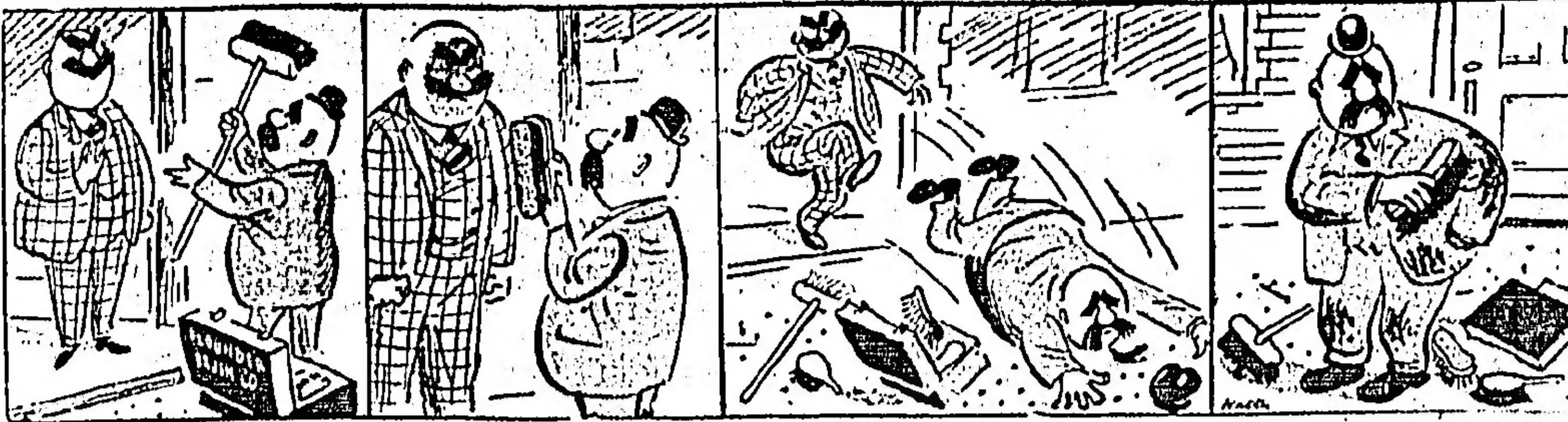
ANSWERS

Questions on Page 9

1. (b) 1,001; (c) Overall length 1,031 ft. (d) 300 ft. 2. December 8 (Santa Claus is a corruption of St Nicholas). 3. Killed a fox (other than by hunting with hounds). 4. He is playing polo. 5. Dr Thomas Barnardo, founder of the homes. 6. Eighteen (5 each for paw; 4 each for tail). 7. North Pole. 1000, by Penny South Pole. 1011, by Amundsen. 8. Butterfly. 9. A hot: normally a bricklayer has a man to carry it. 10. K.L.M.—Koninklijke Luchtvaart Maatschappij, or Royal Dutch Air Line; P.L.M.—Paris-Lyon-Mediterranean (Coast) Railway; R.M.S.P.—Royal Mail Steam Packet; B.O.A.C.—British Overseas Airways Corporation.

DAB & FLOUNDER

by WALTER



SHORT STORY

HEDLEY CHARLES

A thirty-eight Miss Gifford's efforts to look ten years younger were being defeated by the infiltration of crow's feet around her watery eyes, and the deepening of the lines around her too-small mouth.

It was a defeat, however, she was not prepared to concede. An hour each night was devoted to the consolidating of her position, an hour from which her thin face emerged pasty with the application of beauty preparations, her raucous yellow hair involved in the intricacy of pins.

This night Miss Gifford had been more than usually industrious, and when she had finished she prodded her sharp nose towards the mirror and surveyed the result of her work critically. Her soul filled with a vague satisfaction. She was ready, come what may.

She pulled her dressing gown around her and moved over to the bed. On it, spread out, were the three sheets of paper. On each the name of Jandit Jehu was prominently displayed across the top.

SHE took the first. It was a letter that Jandit Jehu had written to her, she would send a sample of her

handwriting to the Jandit with some slight information on her history, together with the astonishingly small fee of two shillings and sixpence, she would receive in return a highly personalised reading from that seer of all secrets.

Miss Gifford had sent the two shillings and sixpence, and now she was conscious of the welling of excitement as she picked up the second letter, Jandit Jehu's reading:

"The strong outlines of your writing are rising like a cloudy mist in the crystal, forming, taking a million shapes, vanishing.... at last something is coming. It is the shape of a human head, and the hair has in it the redness of glowing fire. There is a man, a man coming into your life, a man with red hair, and beyond that I see a vast happiness. It is a happiness you will share with this one of the red hair. Together you will find happiness and trust.... Miss Gifford dropped the letter back on to the bed, and a sigh escaped her. It had happened! The thing that Jandit Jehu had foretold.

It now seemed much longer than a week since she had first met Russell. She remembered the way his hat had tilted back over his red hair as he helped to restore the scattered parcels to her arms. She had stared at him with the look of unbelief in her eyes. He had misconstructed the look. "Yes," he had said, "and I'm trying to think where I've seen you before. It's your hair. I'd remember it anywhere."

Things had moved quickly after that. There had been a night at the pictures, the rapid growth of small

intimacies in their conversation. There was a smug satisfaction in thinking about it. She found it pleasant, too, to reflect on the way he had talked settling down and getting married.

ONE thing, and one thing alone, troubled Miss Gifford, and that was the matter of the hundred pounds. Now, as she thought of it, she realised the discipline of her face long enough for a frown to make its appearance on her brow. A business deal, Russell had said it was. It was the chance of a lifetime, something to do with the purchase and reconversion of army stores. A quick turnover and a big return.

"The biggest chance I've ever had, Emmy," he had said. "There's a small fortune in it and not the shadow of a risk. And what happens?" She remembered the way he had shrugged his shoulders. "I can't make it because I'm a paltry hundred short of the purchase price."

"The shoulders had slumped. "You could get it from the bank," "Banks! Too much time, Emmy. I've got to have the money by Wednesday afternoon. I'd take me that long to make the appointment with the right man in the loans section."

"M-m-m-m," she had said, and there had been a tightening of her thin lips. She was aware that such individuals as confidence men exist, and there was a vaguely familiar ring about Russell's story.

Now, back in her room, she picked up the third of the letters with the name of Jandit Jehu across the top. It was the reply to another letter she had written in her own handwriting, enclosing the astonish-

The Midas Touch

ingly small sum of two shillings and sixpence. The reply was short and to the point. "Yes, dear lady," said Jandit Jehu, "you would be wise to invest at this time. Your money cycle is in the ascendancy. The Midas touch has visited you, and also in the crystal are the many signs of marriage. For further readings send 2s 6d to Jandit Jehu at the above address."

She had done it. That afternoon she had drawn the money from the bank. The hundred pounds. At first Russell had demurred, but she had finally managed to prevail on him to take it.

Now as she climbed into bed she smiled to herself. She reached up and switched off the light and in the darkness she lay thinking: "There were things in the future to be decided. There was the matter of his smoking. A filthy habit and a waste of money. There wasn't going to be any smoking in her house. And drink. There hadn't been anything said about the smell of beer on his breath. Miss Gifford's thin lips tightened. Yes, when they were married there would be plenty of room for improvement. She closed her eyes and settled down to the concentration of going to sleep.

THE man with the red hair looked across the table at Jandit Jehu. "Joe," he said, "business is booming. He thrust a hand into the pocket of his coat and tossed a handful of notes on the table. "Another ninety, Joe, to split between us. Nice business. Forty-five apiece."

He Helped Poor Boys And Girls

This year the school leaving age for Britain's boys and girls goes up from 14 to 15 years. That means that, although they may stay on after that age, they cannot leave before it. Education has come a long way in Britain in the last 100 years. A century ago there was no compulsory education at all. People had to pay to send their children to school, and, of course, poor people could not afford this.

One man who was very worried about the condition of the poor boys and girls he saw on his way from his comfortable home to the London office where he was a clerk was Mr. Quintin Hogg. His grandson, of the same name, is to-day a Member of Parliament.

Mr. Hogg said, in telling his story: "I felt as though I should go mad unless I did something to try and help some of the wretched little chaps I used to see running about the streets. The first thing he did was to buy a secondhand shoe-black outfit, and at the end of his day's work at the office he would go out into the streets and share the life of the boys he wanted to help. Then he and a friend took a room in a poor district, where he could live among the boys, teach them to read and write, help them to keep themselves clean, and finally help them to earn their livings decently.

Then Mr. Quintin Hogg realised that if these boys were to have any chances of getting on in the jobs he had helped them to obtain, they must have some sort of technical education. So he bought a house and arranged simple trade teaching for the

35 boys he knew. The number grew to 300, and a bigger building had to be bought. This was in famous Regent Street. Today that building is known as the Regent Street Polytechnic, and is one of the best-known technical colleges in the world. Today about 15,000 boys and girls attend it for technical education, learning all kinds of trades and professions and many languages.

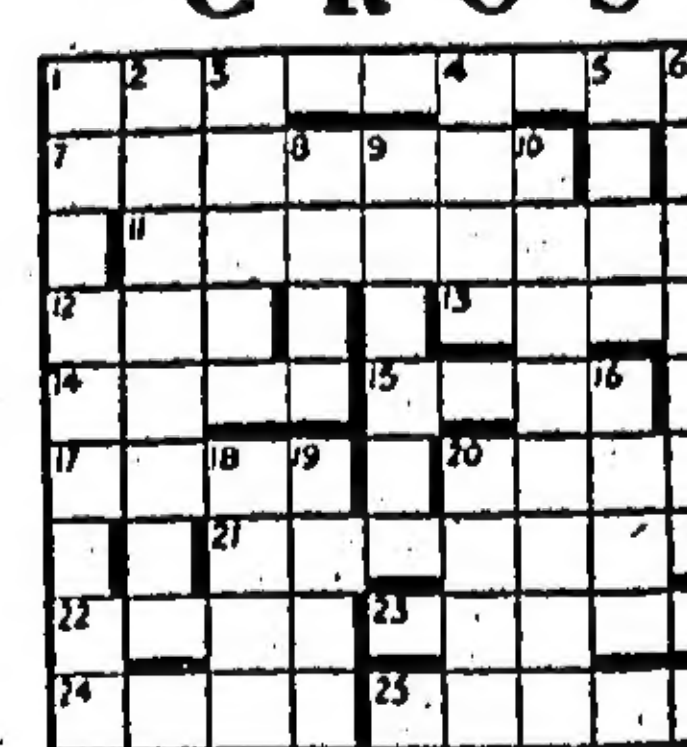
Rupert & the New Pal—21



Rupert and Bill are too puzzled to keep still. They leap to their feet and run forward. As they reach the edge of the high grass they see to their amazement that the black cat is seated on the back of a large tortoise. "Ah, there you are," says the cat. "This is my friend George. He's taking me for a short ride. Come in, come in," says George in a cheerful, friendly voice. "There's no one else at home. The garden's all mine today. It's lovely to have visitors, especially new ones!"

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CROSSWORD



1. A girl can enjoy herself here. (4)
2. To the printer let it stay. (4)
3. Sounds like the last horse to the cockney. (4)
4. Used for removing rays of light into their separate colours. (5)
5. They may be worth waiting for. (4)
6. Down
7. One of the sacraments. (8)
8. Can you tell this from a plum tree? (5)
9. Bust. (4)
10. Valid. (4)
11. A broken rule on the novel. (5)
12. Measure. (4)
13. Pertaining to or produced by. (4)
14. Had his life spared at Nuremberg. (4)
15. Pale sort of jump. (4)
16. Found in the waste advert. (4)
17. A broken rose. (4)

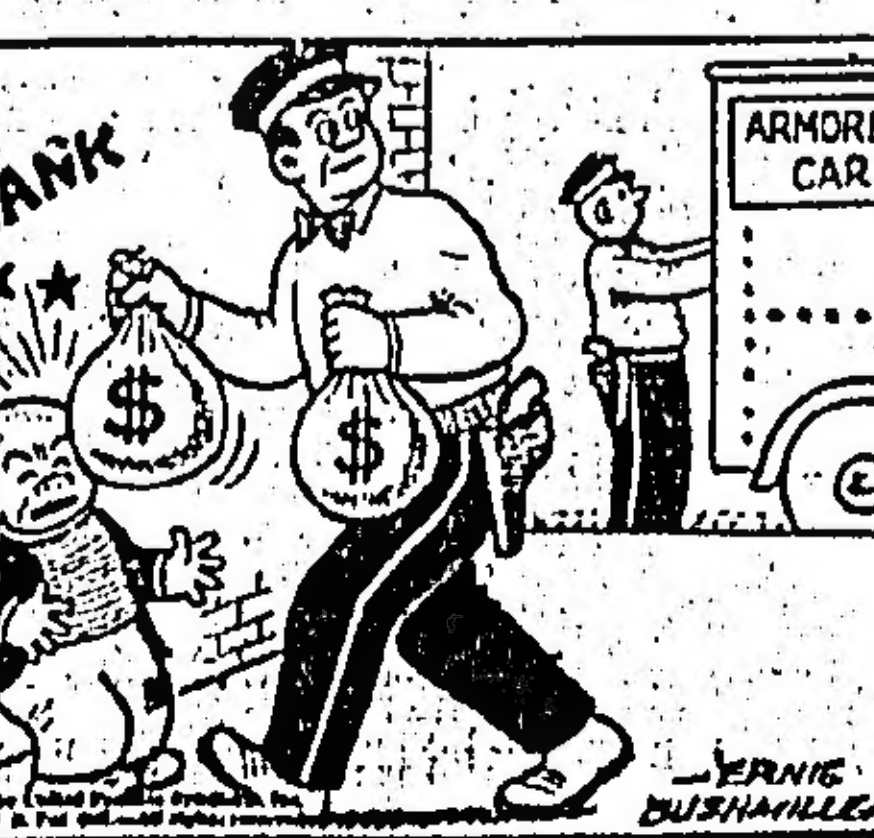
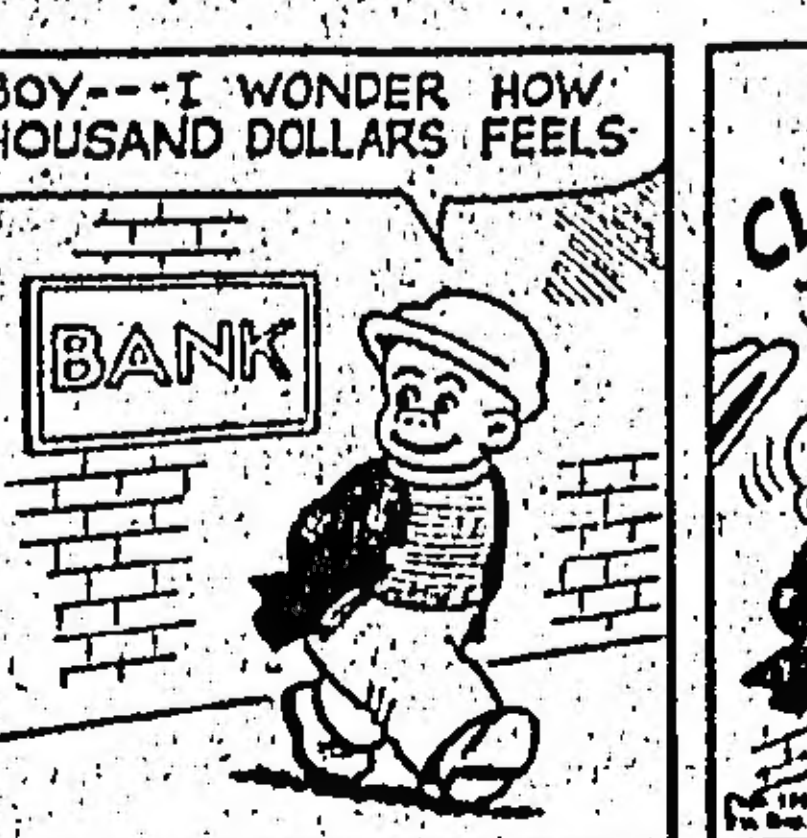
1. Across
1. Place to a backward run. (7)
2. Suggest that you rest to the limit. (8)
3. With which you may take toll. (7)
4. A wide thing made from metal. (4)
5. String round for students. (4)

Solution of yesterday's puzzle—Across: 1. Telephone exchange. 2. Innu. 3. Paradox. 4. Old. 5. Mark. 6. Arch. 7. Island. 8. Emma. 9. Black. 10. Jumpy. 11. Pertaining to. 12. Measure. 13. Pale sort of jump. 14. Found in the waste advert. 15. A broken rose. 16. Down: 1. A girl can enjoy herself here. 2. To the printer let it stay. 3. Sounds like the last horse to the cockney. 4. Used for removing rays of light into their separate colours. 5. They may be worth waiting for.

Library List

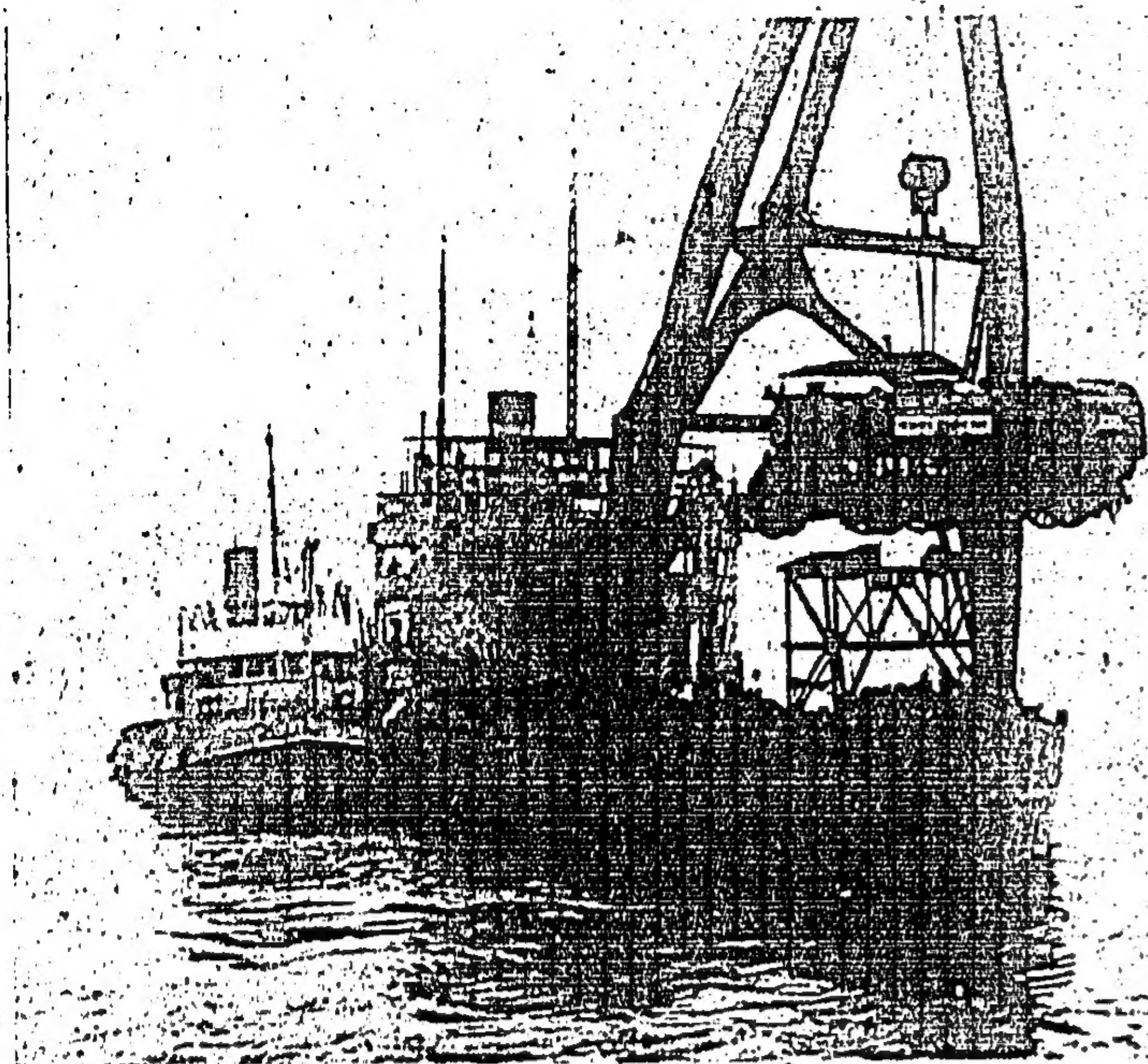
* Two Plays: Jean-Paul Sartre (Hansell Hamilton, 7s. 6d.) The second of these plays, the famous "Huis Clos" (here called "In Camera"), is a terrifying fantasy laid in hell. Readers with stout hearts—and good consciences—will find it unpleasant but entrancing.
* Poems from New Writing: Selected by John Lehmann (Lehmann, 8s. 6d.) Good collection from ten years' output by some of the more significant poets of to-day. Mirror in verse of stormy days.
* Black Caribbean: R. W. Thompson (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.). Admirably written account of wartime travel in the West Indies. Touching in its description of the loyalties and hopes of the people and eloquent in its plan for the responsibilities of Empire.

NANCY Expert Financier

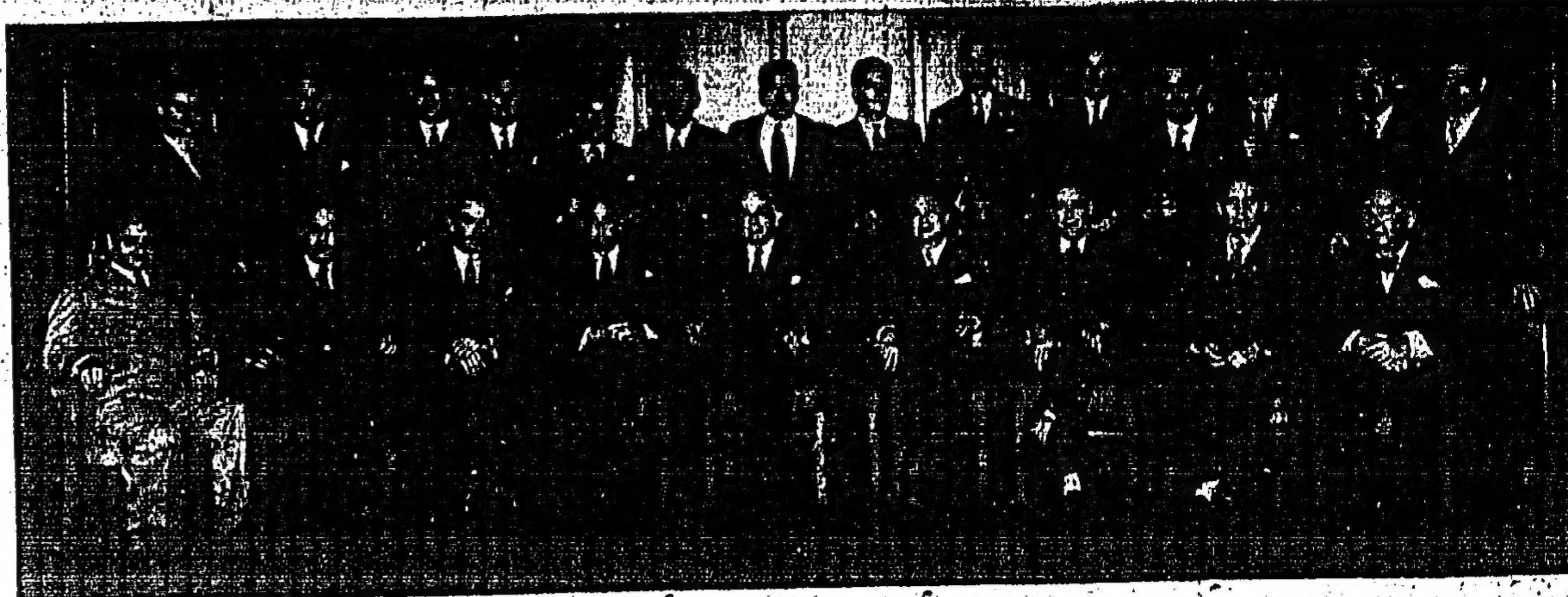


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TELEGRAPH NEWSREEL



UNLOADING IRON HORSES—This heavy railway locomotive looks like a toy as she is being swung from ship to track in Kowloon this week by the crane ship, Soishu Maru. The engine is one of a number given to China by UNRRA and which arrived last week-end in the ss Boljeanno. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



MR STANLEY H. DODWELL, head of Dodwell and Company, Ltd., who is shortly leaving the Colony, with senior members of his staff who gave a farewell party in his honour at the Hongkong Hotel on Monday. (Photo: Moo Cheung)

SEVENTH BIRTHDAY—Little Sheila Gowans (at head of table, centre), who was seven last Saturday, with some of the guests who attended her party. Sheila is the daughter of Police Inspector and Mrs. W. Gowans. (Photo: Ming Yuen)

PROMINENT SPECTATORS at the Governor's Cup soccer match last week-end included HE the Governor, Sir Mark Young (centre) and, to his left, the Hon. Mr. A. Morse and Major-General G. W. E. J. Erskine. On the Governor's right is Mr. Wong Ka-tsun, president of the HKFA, and Lt. R. Parkinson, ADC. (Photo: England Studio)



FOUR-POWER CONFERENCE—Pictured above are the Big Four Foreign Ministers at the Moscow conference. Left to right:—Mr. Ernest Bevin (Great Britain), Gen. George C. Marshall (United States), M. Vyacheslav Molotov (USSR) and M. Georges Bidault (France). On the right is a view of the building in which the conference is being held—Aviation House, in the suburbs of Moscow. (Photos: Associated Press)



LAST SUNDAY'S WINNERS in the Fastball International Series—the Indian team, which defeated the Portuguese contingent. (Photo: Ming Yuen)



RECENT WEDDING—Mr. Ko Yiu-tung, of the Southwest Development Bank, Ltd., and Miss Lau Kan-lin, who were married recently. (Photo: Ming Yuen)

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CHOCOLATES	BOILED SWEETS
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